



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1945

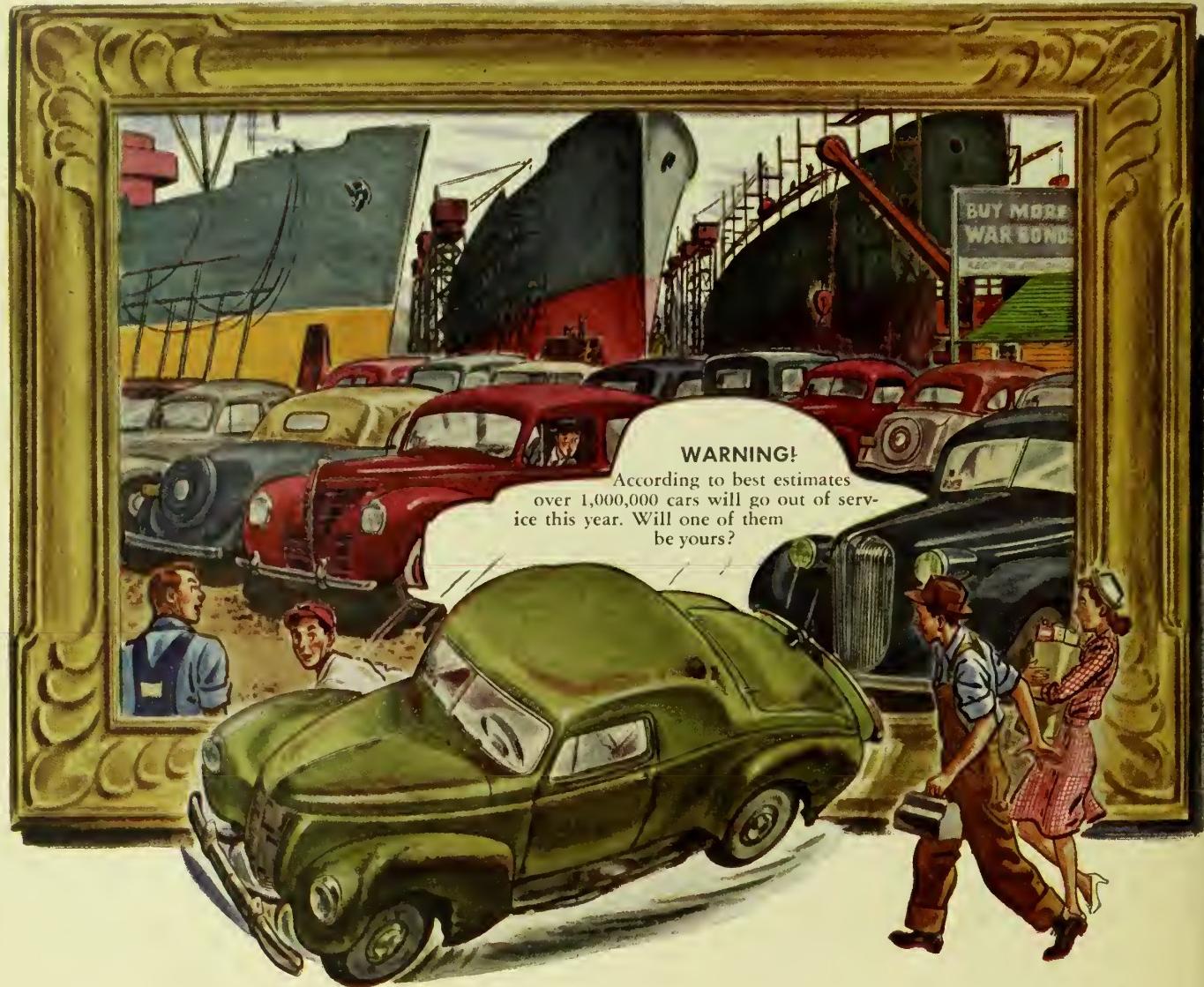
In This Issue:

H. V. Kaltenborn

Larry MacPhail

John Groth

Max Shulman



OUT OF THE PICTURE ! *Is your car next ?*

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR . . . sedan, coupe, big car, little car . . . tick-tock, tick-tock . . . one every 22 seconds, almost 4,000 a day, more than a million a year . . . out they go, out of the picture, out of use!

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1945
VOLUME 39 • NO. 2

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The Editor's Corner

THERE ARE TWO SIDES to the question of living memorials to war dead which Louis Bromfield discussed so interestingly in our May issue, we are reminded by numerous Legionnaires who have written us. Mr. Bromfield, you may remember, advocated community or state memorial projects such as camps, reservations, trails, ponds, playgrounds, open playing fields and stadiums, indoor sports centers, development of water fronts, dams, lakes, forests, water sports centers and the like. Certainly all of these are worthwhile. But

(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, Second Class rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope—but mark in the left hand corner of the envelope Second Class Matter.

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CASUALTY INSURANCE Pledges Aid to DISABLED WAR VETERANS

Many disabled veterans have wondered if they will be penalized for the scars they carry when they try to get jobs in industry after they have been released from service.

In most States of this Nation, workers are covered by Workmen's Compensation Insurance. The law requires employers to pay for this. It could hurt the disabled veteran's chances when he tried to get a job, if word got around that employers would have to pay a higher premium for compensation insurance when they hired handicapped workers . . . because those men might be more likely to become injured on the job. *That isn't going to happen.*

A group of leading American capital stock casualty insurance companies—including the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America—more than a year ago went on record that . . . **1. Handicapped workers will not be**

shut out from employment by any compensation insurance regulations. **2. Compensation rates will not be higher** because handicapped workers are employed.

* * *

The casualty insurance business is setting an example of leadership for others. It is employing and re-employing as many discharged servicemen as possible—and will continue to do so.

Ours is a growing business; there will be more jobs available in it after the war than ever before. It offers many different kinds of careers, both in the offices of local Agents and in its Head Offices and Field Offices. Such jobs as solicitors, traveling fieldmen, statisticians, clerks, claims investigators, safety engineers and many others will be available. It's a sound business with a firm future—well worth keeping in mind.

Again, North America pledges itself to do its part to see our country safely through this public-spirited crusade to play square with so many who have given so much that our Nation might survive!



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PRESIDENT

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

DEPENDABLE



Buy More and More
War Bonds Until
The Day of Victory

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



(Continued from page 2)

. . . says Fabian Monfils of Kenosha (Wisconsin) Post, echoing the sentiments expressed by many others:

"Projects of that nature are not memorials and can never be memorials unless a separate part of the parks and playgrounds or buildings is set aside where a true memorial may be erected that will give the people a place before which they may stop in reverence and 'remember.' There, too, they can pause for their silent prayer for peace. The memorial types you have been advocating never could be memorials. Most of these are being advocated as projects that many communities in the nation need. They are, therefore, a utility that is a direct civic obligation. . . ."

"Following the last war Milwaukee County planted many trees in the boulevard of Highway 41. About one-fifth of them remain today. Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, lined the roads in several directions out of town with trees as memorials. Hardly any are left. Marinette County did likewise, and spent thousands of dollars on that project. Where are those trees today? Of those that do remain, how many of us, even of World War I, can recognize them as a memorial? In passing by, even those of us that planted them see them only as trees. . . ."

OUR COVER DESIGN this month is a photographic shot of Corp. Robert J. Hilsky, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, being awarded the Navy Cross, with Col. Dean Kalbfleisch, of the Marine Corps, affixing the decoration. The color guard consists of Sergt. E. Polston, Sergt. Maj. F. D. Rauber, 1st Sergt. C. C. Garten, and PFC E. R. Tucker. Garten and Tucker are wearers of the Purple Heart.

Corp. Hilsky's Navy Cross citation reads: "For extraordinary heroism under fire during action against enemy Japanese forces . . . When casualties sustained by the second platoon of his company were left in a helpless plight out front, Pvt. Hilsky, with courageous disregard for his own personal safety, ran a deadly gauntlet of heavy mortar, machine-gun and sniper fire in order to rescue a wounded comrade. Although, during his advance, he was stunned by concussion from an exploding shell, he carried on with unwavering determination until he succeeded in the accomplishment of his mission. His conspicuous initiative in saving the life of another at the risk of his own was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

LIEUT. COL. WALTER L. BRAY-BROOKE, U. S. Corps of Engineers, a member of Boonton (New Jersey) Post, writing to us from France during the spring, takes all of us who served in the First

World War back to those days with this interesting note: "Recently it was my privilege to visit the house in which Marshal Foch lived from 1918 until his death. Many of his treasured possessions, including gifts sent to him as marks of esteem at the end of World War One, had been taken by the Germans during their occupation. But there had been nothing in the simplicity of the death-chamber to invite their cupidity. The bare furnishings of the room in which the great leader died were eloquent token of his humility. The walls were bare except for a few family portraits and just one other thing. This was a good photograph framed in a kind of plaque. The group included Gen. Jacques, Gen. Diaz, Marshal Foch, Gen. Pershing and Admiral Beatty. The plaque bore the legend, 'American Legion Convention, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921.'

"I think we of the Legion should feel honored that this alone of his souvenirs was thought worthy to grace that wall."

IN OUR October, 1944 issue we carried an account of the adventures of the 23-year-old transport *American Legion*, in this war. Subsequently Legionnaire Lowell E. Gildner of Santa Monica, California, told in this department of the March issue how the transport happened to be named as it was after plans had been made for it to be christened *Washington State*. Now Trooper W. F. Davis of the Canadian Army, a member of the Post at Belleville, New Jersey, gives us this "inside stuff" about one voyage of the gallant ship:

"Back in early March of '42 I sailed on the *American Legion* from an eastern port. (I was then a member of a U. S. Medical Detachment.) About half way to Halifax she broke down, something to do with condensers, we were told, and the rest of the convoy just sailed off and left us wallowing in the Atlantic with one destroyer for company. That destroyer dashed madly about us trying to cover us on all sides at once, and dropped numerous ash cans on real or imaginary subs. . . . I didn't see a sign of one.

"Eventually her innards were patched up and we pulled into an eastern Canadian port almost a day late . . . received a welcome from the other ships in the convoy like the *Queen Mary* on her maiden trip to New York. Needless to say, we were as glad to be there as the others were to see we had arrived safely . . .

"I was eventually discharged from the U. S. Army on medical grounds and subsequently enlisted up here . . ."

ALEXANDER GARDINER

A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the second column on page 2.

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A New Birth of Americanism

by EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING, National Commander

FLYING homeward from war-prostrate countries to an untouched homeland is a glorious experience. It is a time for reflection. Comforting thoughts come fast as the nose of the plane points through the blue toward a land blessed by Providence.

Behind lies an old world torn apart through centuries of discord; countries marked by an eternal struggle of people against ambitious dictators; nations where hopes are born and die with people starving and hope gone.

Ahead lies the United States, the only major power free from the scars of war; its pattern of life intact—the great beacon of freedom in a dark and troubled world.

Speeding along, one gains a new conception of our country; new determination to help keep our people from going through what I saw in Europe; new dedication to the hope that our nation will never have new cemeteries such as I visited on Memorial Day, and new determination that The American Legion will stand firm and strong for the kind of Americanism that has given our people advantages enjoyed by no others on the face of the globe.

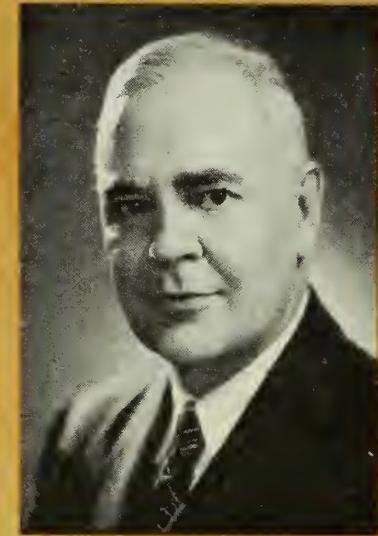
These advantages can be maintained; we can have peace and security, if we cling to the kind of Americanism that built our country.

It is unwavering loyalty to the United States as established under the Constitution.

It is willingness to defend our form of government against all who would overthrow, change or misinterpret its principles.

It is understanding of the functions of our government and respect for the traditions that brought it into being and the constitutional processes through which it lives.

It is recognizing that the common good is



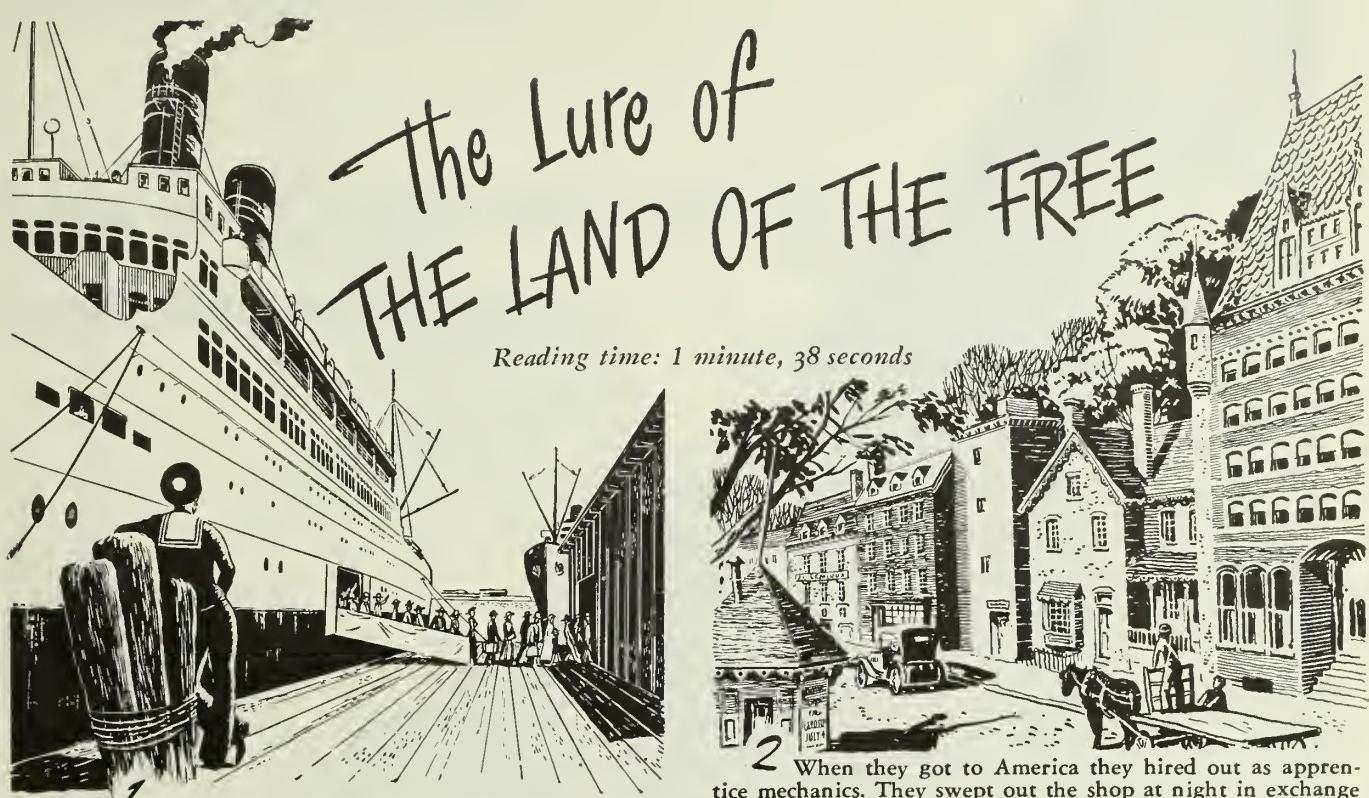
paramount to individual interests, with protection of the common good through prescribed legal procedures rather than the rules and whims of men.

Composed of men and women who have faced death on world battlefields in two wars, The American Legion has a sacred obligation to safeguard Americanism. It requires the rehabilitation, the readjustment and the re-employment of our fighting forces, protection of our social and economic pattern and the development of new understanding and appreciation of our form of government. The challenge is ours.

War's ravages have absorbed a great deal of man's savings and torn loose his social and spiritual moorings. Science has speeded man's way of living and has changed, and will continue to change, the pattern of his society. The sweep of destruction of war and the on-rush of constructive contributions of science have confused his thinking and created economic and social problems yet to be solved. Under these conditions we can expect the exponents of doctrines which have failed throughout civilization, to advance their dreams as new thinking.

The American Legion must be prepared to meet these conditions. It can be done through a new birth of Americanism embodying the spirit and intent of our founding fathers. Let us face courageously the task at hand.



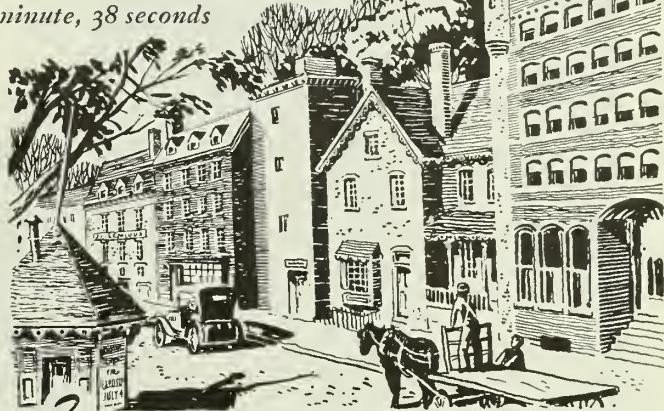


The Lure of THE LAND OF THE FREE

Reading time: 1 minute, 38 seconds



3 After a few years their mother and young sister came over. The lure of America had now moved the whole family. The brothers made a payment on a little house with money they had saved, but their "working capital" was very slim. One cold Saturday a neighborhood grocer let them fix his car in exchange for the family groceries.



2 When they got to America they hired out as apprentice mechanics. They swept out the shop at night in exchange for learning to make machine tools. On the side, they got an old 1905 model Peugeot car. They'd tear it down and build it up again just as they did their bikes in Europe—for practice.



4 The grocer thought nobody could ever fix the brakes of his old car but Joseph took the car home in the twilight, pulled up fence posts to make sawhorses, ran an extension light out of the dining room window. The three brothers went to work; fixed the brakes almost like new.



5 Today, Joseph says, "That's really what put us in the automobile business. First we rented a garage; then in 1925 we got a place of our own. It took us ten more years to become the Dodge-Plymouth dealers in one of America's biggest cities. We did a business before Pearl Harbor of \$2,500,000 a year." Joseph says, "Of course we've only made a beginning."

THE success of these three brothers and one sister in joining forces and working hard . . . is typical of the opportunity for progress in free competitive business. Today their place has 21 modern hoists to replace the original fence-post sawhorses. They have 40 mechanics who stayed on the job right through the war. Throughout the war they have serviced an average of 70 cars and trucks every day.

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WAR MANUAL

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WORLD WAR II

If you had to guess the name of one of the country's biggest book publishers, the chances are you wouldn't think of Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Yet, in the number of books prepared for publication during the past year, the Laboratories outranks the largest book publisher in the country.

Many of these—prepared for the Army and Navy—are twice the size of the average novel. Some contain 1000 pages. All contain numerous photographs and technical drawings in addition to the text.

One group of engineer-writers spent eight months on one book, a manual for a secret electronic device. Another volume, equally thick, was written by one man in five months. Still another required the full time of one writer for a year and a half.

This publishing achievement is one of the yardsticks by which the Laboratories' war contribution may be measured. That's because each book is an instruction manual to accompany equipment designed by Bell Laboratories for the Armed Forces.



B E L L T E L E P H O N E S Y S T E M



What About Poland?

By H. V. Kaltenborn

THE PLACE was the ornate ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. The occasion was a Russian news conference. The speaker was V. M. Molotov, Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union. The question concerned Poland. With a slight show of irritation Mr. Molotov replied through his Russian interpreter: "It seems we can have no meeting without Polish questions. I will answer about Poland. Polish question will be settled. We settled Yugoslav question and we can settle Polish question the same way. Does this answer your question?"

Some five hundred press and radio correspondents laughed loudly and impolitely. It was their way of saying "No" . . . They were much more interested in the relations of the Big Three powers following the arrest of 16 Polish underground leaders than in the slow transformation of the Dumbarton Oaks agreement. They had ex-

pected Mr. Molotov's press meeting to center on the Polish issue. They were disappointed at the Russian Foreign Commissar's refusal to deal with it.

Yet they should have been grateful to the Commissar for even exposing himself to the free press of a free country. He was doing something that is never done in Russia. And, to be fair to Mr. Molotov, he did answer some questions on world organization responsively and intelligently. He

The war Germany finally lost started with her attack on the Poles in September, 1939. Now that the Nazis are kaput the status of Poland remains the biggest question mark in Europe. Mr. Kaltenborn gives you the facts in the case

Cartoon by JOHN CASSEL

made an excellent impression and even won applause.

But Poland—that was something else. On the Polish issue it was Russia against the free world. It was the big country trespassing on the rights of the small country. The United Nations were meeting at San Francisco to prevent just that from happening again. It was the Nazi invasion of Poland that had launched the world into war.

By the time these words are printed Russia may have justified her action in arresting sixteen leading Poles, some of whom revealed themselves to the Russian authorities in response to instructions from the Polish government in London. But when Foreign Minister Eden gave his final news conference in San Francisco in May

(Continued on page 46)

Those 29 Yankees

By L. S. (LARRY) MACPHAIL

As told to Rud Rennie

The professional baseball stars coming back from service will meet some stiff competition for their old jobs, says this two-war Legionnaire who is now President of the New York American League team

THIS MAY COME as a shock to you, but it is inevitable: the great baseball players you knew and applauded and who are now in the armed forces, are not likely to be prominent for any great length of time in the post-war set-up.

I have heard our fans say: "What a team the Yankees will have when they get Joe DiMaggio back, and Bill Dickey, Joe Gordon, Johnny Lindell, Spurgeon Chandler, Rollie Hemsley, Buddy Hassett, Johnny Sturm, Charlie Keller, Phil Rizzuto, Bill Johnson, Tommy Henrich, Marius Russo, George Selkirk, Rinaldo Adrizzoia, Tommy Byrne, Vince DiBiasi, Herb Karpel, Al Lyons, Henry Majeski, Steve Peck, Mel Queen, Aaron Robinson, Ken Sears, Ken Silvestri, Steve Souchock, Charley Stanceau, Jake Wade and Roy Weatherly."

I'm throwing in all the names. We have twenty-nine men in service.

There was a great ball club in that group. Some of those players were real champions.

**Charlie Keller, outfielder
30 years old in 1946**

But even if there had not been a war and those men had been playing ball right along, several of them, right now, either would have reached their peak or would have passed it and would be on the way out.

Baseball, at its best, is a young man's game. It sounds good to talk about the strength of the Yankees when these players return, but it is not necessarily true, because they will be too old to compete for long with the new crop of players which will come up.

DiMaggio will be thirty-one years old in November. Phil Rizzuto, the little Scooter who came up to the Yankees from Kansas



**Joe DiMaggio, outfielder
31 next season**

City at the age of twenty-two, will be twenty-seven in September. DiMaggio was twenty-one when he joined the team.

Winning teams must have speed and power. The average player begins to lose both after he passes thirty. Bill Dickey, who is now thirty-eight, and who is fondly remembered as one of the great catchers of all time, cannot be counted upon to be much help as a player when he gets out of the Navy. Nor can we expect too much from Ruffing, who was forty when he was discharged from service last June.

In normal times, a baseball club, to be successful, must plan four years ahead. In other words, right now we would have been grooming a shortstop in the minor



**Phil Rizzuto, shortstop
27 next season**

leagues to take Rizzuto's place three or four years from now when he began to slow up.

The players now in service will return, God willing, and we shall be glad to have them back on the job; but they are not likely to be important factors in the great teams which will be developed after the war. There is no sense kidding ourselves about this.

The post-war stars are now in their teens or early twenties. We have a lot of them spotted as likely prospects. Most of them are still to be discovered. Some are in the armed forces, some are in high school, some are in war work, some are playing on American Legion teams.

Incidentally, the only intelligent baseball promotion being done today is being done by The American Legion. Knowing the new baseball commissioner, Albert B. Chandler, and how he feels about it, I am sure he will encourage this program. I look for it to be expanded.

When my partners—Capt. Dan Topping, U.S.M.C., and Del Webb of Phoenix, Ariz.—and I put up approximately \$3,000,000 and bought the New York Yankees last January, we did so with the full knowledge that we might not be able to operate this year; that there might not be any professional baseball.

The end of the war in Europe was not in sight. The Army and Navy were clamoring for more men. Racetracks had been shut down. Congress was debating universal draft legislation. James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, had written to Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Selective Service Director, suggesting re-examination and re-classification of all professional athletes. It looked as if we might not have enough

(Continued on page 30)



Southeast Calling

By Stanley Vestal



THANKS TO The American Legion, which pushed through Congress the GI Bill of Rights, American veterans of this war find themselves in a far better spot than the veterans of any previous war in all history. Uncle Sam, most of the States, and many cities and towns have already set up agencies to advise and help veterans find the jobs and openings they want. The smart veteran will use the services of these agencies or of the Legion and so avoid the sharks who are already out to make a sucker of him.

There are people who keep on croaking that we have no frontiers left, people who take a dim view of the future and see nothing but depression and unemployment ahead. Take a good look at these crepe-hangers—you will see they are mostly small fry. The big boys like Barney Baruch have faith in America. They know the score. They expect prosperity after the war and declare there will be plenty of work for all. One thing is sure—there never was a time when we Americans had so many factories, so much money to spend, and lacked so many things.

The Southwestern corner of the United States is a vast territory, a whale of a country, which extends through Oklahoma and Texas clear to the California coast. Some day, when inventors have discovered a cheap way to harness the heat of the sun, the Southwest will be the greatest industrial region in North America. Sun-powered factories will hum without let-up “where the skies are not cloudy all day.” But now you have to remember that the Southwest is not yet fully industrialized.

Of course every Southwestern town and

city which has a war plant is hoping to maintain its industry. But you can depend upon it—the biggest postwar payroll in the Southwest will not be in the factories. In normal times of peace over the whole nation factories employ only about one-fourth of our labor. Transportation and distribution employ another fourth; farming, mining, and cattle ranching about the same amount; while the service trades employ the remaining 25 percent. In the Southwest, postwar opportunities will be greatest in the service trades, agriculture, small business, and small industry—in about that order. The Southwest is in advance of most other regions, being largely self-sufficient, since most of its products are marketable within its own area. The discharged service man or woman, who has spunk and gumption, should be able to find some job here to his taste.

I know the man in the foxhole dreams of ending the war and “coming back home to civilization.” But we older fellows, who fought the war at home, see GI Joe as the man who is bringing civilization back to us. No country stripped of its young men and women can be called really civilized, because it lacks all those services which make life convenient, comfortable, and agreeable.

It will be marvelous once more to live where you can get your laundry back the

Oil, agriculture and cattle ranching are basic in this fast-growing section of America, and new industries will provide additional opportunities to men willing to work



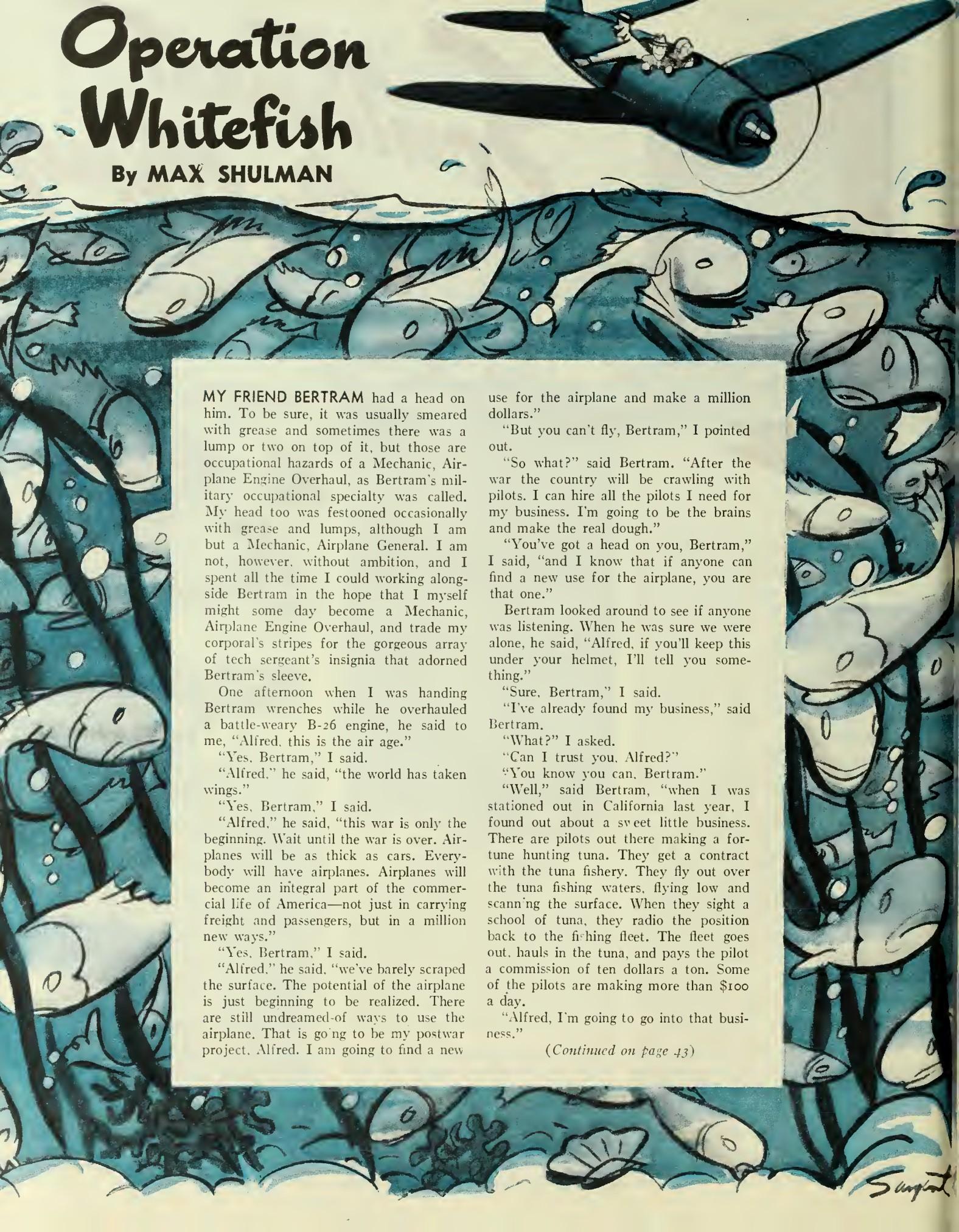
Drawing by CARL PFEUER

same week, and have your clothes cleaned before you outgrow them; where you can get an appointment with the dentist the same day your tooth starts aching; where trains run on time and groceries are delivered; where somebody pops out of a filling station to polish your windshield and fill your tank; where you can get quick, efficient repairs for your radio, your car, or your lawnmower; where you can get your house painted, have a new telephone installed, or have the holes in the pavement in front of your house filled; where your children can have qualified teachers, and you can give your order in a restaurant with some confidence that the cook knows his business. It isn't just gadgets America longs for—not just new cars or planes or houses—it is service. The veteran is bringing back to the States the American stand-

(Continued on page 29)

Operation Whitefish

By MAX SHULMAN



MY FRIEND BERTRAM had a head on him. To be sure, it was usually smeared with grease and sometimes there was a lump or two on top of it, but those are occupational hazards of a Mechanic, Airplane Engine Overhaul, as Bertram's military occupational specialty was called. My head too was festooned occasionally with grease and lumps, although I am but a Mechanic, Airplane General. I am not, however, without ambition, and I spent all the time I could working alongside Bertram in the hope that I myself might some day become a Mechanic, Airplane Engine Overhaul, and trade my corporal's stripes for the gorgeous array of tech sergeant's insignia that adorned Bertram's sleeve.

One afternoon when I was handing Bertram wrenches while he overhauled a battle-weary B-26 engine, he said to me, "Alfred, this is the air age."

"Yes, Bertram," I said.

"Alfred," he said, "the world has taken wings."

"Yes, Bertram," I said.

"Alfred," he said, "this war is only the beginning. Wait until the war is over. Airplanes will be as thick as cars. Everybody will have airplanes. Airplanes will become an integral part of the commercial life of America—not just in carrying freight and passengers, but in a million new ways."

"Yes, Bertram," I said.

"Alfred," he said, "we've barely scraped the surface. The potential of the airplane is just beginning to be realized. There are still undreamed-of ways to use the airplane. That is going to be my postwar project. Alfred, I am going to find a new

use for the airplane and make a million dollars."

"But you can't fly, Bertram," I pointed out.

"So what?" said Bertram. "After the war the country will be crawling with pilots. I can hire all the pilots I need for my business. I'm going to be the brains and make the real dough."

"You've got a head on you, Bertram," I said, "and I know that if anyone can find a new use for the airplane, you are that one."

Bertram looked around to see if anyone was listening. When he was sure we were alone, he said, "Alfred, if you'll keep this under your helmet, I'll tell you something."

"Sure, Bertram," I said.

"I've already found my business," said Bertram.

"What?" I asked.

"Can I trust you, Alfred?"

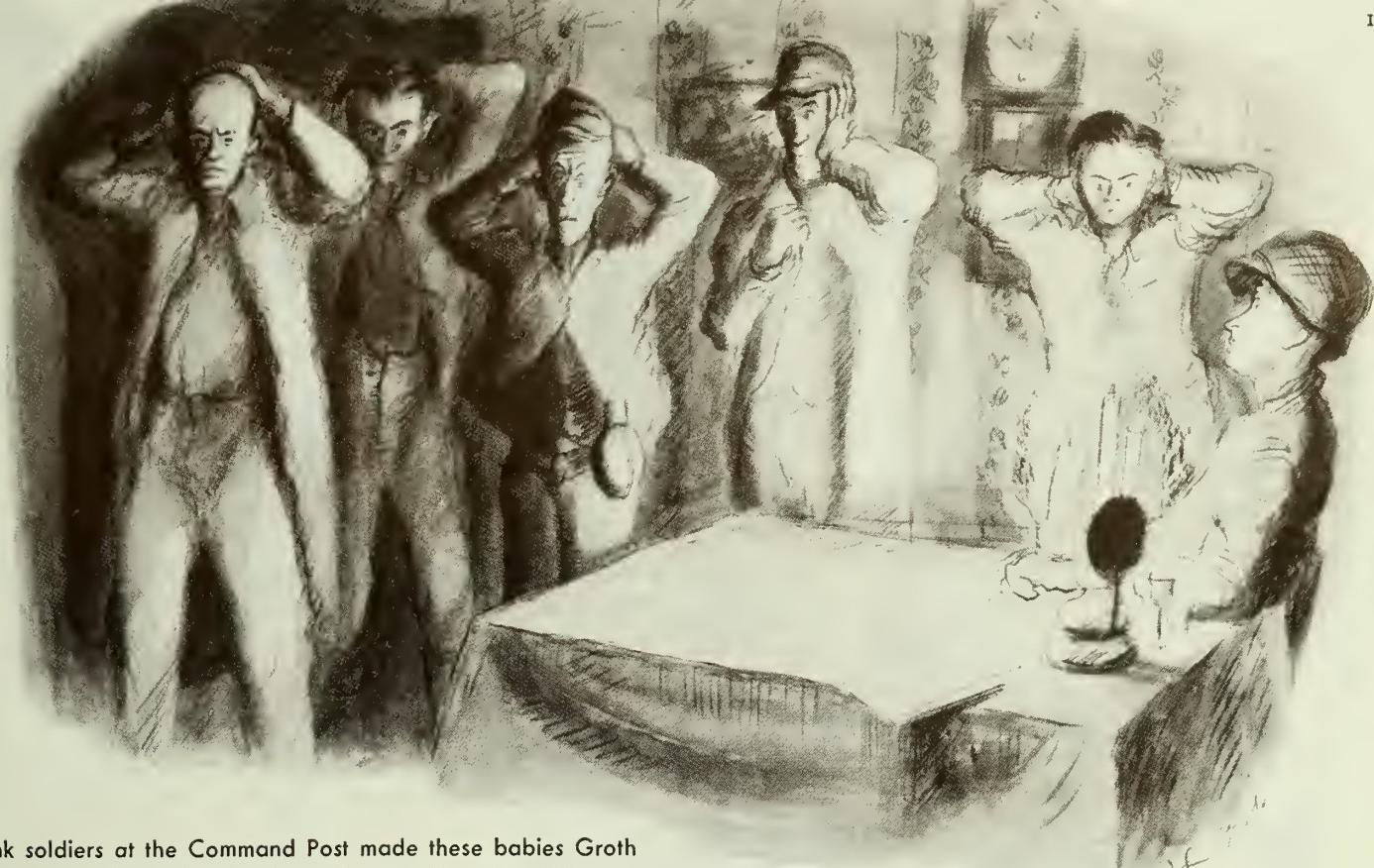
"You know you can, Bertram."

"Well," said Bertram, "when I was stationed out in California last year, I found out about a sweet little business. There are pilots out there making a fortune hunting tuna. They get a contract with the tuna fishery. They fly out over the tuna fishing waters, flying low and scanning the surface. When they sight a school of tuna, they radio the position back to the fishing fleet. The fleet goes out, hauls in the tuna, and pays the pilot a commission of ten dollars a ton. Some of the pilots are making more than \$100 a day."

"Alfred, I'm going to go into that business."

(Continued on page 43)

Sargent



Yank soldiers at the Command Post made these babies Groth had captured hold the pose for an hour so the artist might convey in a sketch their exact postures when they surrendered to him

My German Prisoners....by John Groth

JOHN GROTH, noted artist-war correspondent representing this magazine at Supreme Headquarters, AEF, was suspended by SHAEF and sent to London for beating the gun with an entry into Berlin while the Germans were still defending it and before official clearance for the trip had been authorized. In doing this, Groth, first war correspondent to enter Paris when it was liberated last year, thus shared the honor of being the first American in the German capital with Seymour Freidin of the New York Herald Tribune, who also was disciplined by SHAEF. The censor allowed Mr. Groth to send us the following account, with accompanying drawings of his activities just before his trip to Berlin.—The Editors

From London by Army Bomber

TWENTY MILES NORTH of Magdeburg, the 137th Regiment of the 35th Division had been engaged in desultory fighting at the Elbe River during the last week of April. The war, as far as the Ninth American Army was concerned, was in its very last stages. Only one objective remained and that was a junction with Marshal Ivan S. Konev's Russian Army encircling Berlin.

For several days before April 26th, rumor had been rife about link-ups with the Red

Army. Every report had to be checked, but none bore fruit. Each regiment aligned along the Elbe set up radio apparatus and attempted frantically to check with Russian spearheads. Signals had been prepared. The Americans would send up a series of green flares and the Russians were to acknowledge with red flares.

At dusk on April 26th, a report flashed through Ninth Army that possessed more electrifying truth, on the surface at any rate, than any of the previous rumors that

the Russians were within a short distance of the American lines. They were reported east of the Elbe in front of the area held by the 137th Regiment. A five-man patrol from K Company, commanded by Lieutenant Howard Pierson, left the west bank of the Elbe in a rickety boat and crossed to the other side, guns in readiness for anything that might be hurled against them in the inky blackness. When the boat kissed shore, the patrol probed carefully in the undergrowth and pushed forward. Within a few minutes, the patrol spotted a German motor bicycle followed by a half-track. Pierson and his men opened fire immediately and in the exchange of shots that stabbed the darkness, they killed the driver of the half-track and a German officer. Having stirred up so much commotion, Pierson decided wisely that it would be better to return to the American lines. Making their way back to where they had hidden the boat, the patrol came upon a civilian whom they took into custody for questioning. Interrogation disclosed that the German troops who had been stationed in that general vicinity were with-

drawing from the village of Elbe Ferold.

Pierson, upon returning to our side of the river, reported on the situation as he had ascertained it, and in the early morning an order was sent directing K Company in command of Lieutenant Robert W. Olson, of Chicago, to push across the Elbe and link with the Russians, if possible. The attempt, as it subsequently developed, was destined to be among the last of the engagements the Ninth Army had with the Wehrmacht.

Part of the first platoon crossed the river in a rowboat, obtained two barges on the German-held bank of the Elbe and threw cables across the stream by means of which they were able to ferry the remainder of the platoon expeditiously. Once across the river, Lieutenant Olson split the platoon into two parties. Eighteen of the thirty-three men were led by Sergeant Robert F.



The two civilians jumped on Sneed and overpowered him, while his two prisoners stood off, watching the action



Groth, Sneed and the prisoners made a dive for the ditch as small arms fire opened up on them from a clump of woods



As they crouched in the ditch Groth couldn't resist the impulse to sketch the group, including himself

Baker, of Wichita, Kansas, and they dashed into Elbe Ferold to clean out the first row of houses. By the time the objective had been completed, the entire platoon was in position to jump off for the attempted junction with the Russians, and Elbe Ferold lay at their rear, clear of an enemy pocket.

While the patrol deployed in the area about the village, I roved past the east bank of the river in a Piper Cub and spotted Olson's platoon moving carefully across the fields. The fragile plane swooped low over the river, which winds tortuously through the heart of Germany and was the Nazis' last natural defense barrier before Berlin.

From tree-top altitude we could see the GI's going about their business briskly and efficiently. Twenty German prisoners had already been rounded up and stood dejectedly with their hands on their heads and uniforms generally in tatters, a far cry from the victorious Wehrmacht that had once swept over Europe.

One hundred yards from the marshy banks of the Elbe, the Piper Cub hovered over Elbe Ferold, which appeared from the air to be a curious admixture of seventeenth and twentieth century architecture, antiquated farm buildings jostling grim Nazi offices. It was tight and quite compact, encompassed by tilled fields.

Dropping lower, we could pick out 100 or more Germans in gray green uniforms lined against slate and yellow walls. They glanced up at the plane with dispassionate curiosity while their few khaki-clad GI guards waved their rifles skyward in recognition.

Gaining altitude over the stretch of wheat and clover fields, we could see in microcosm a German truck, identified by its polychrome camouflage. Six American soldiers emptied the vehicles of the German human cargo and it was bewildering to see so many people filtering out of a lone truck.

Circling the tree-lined field, the Piper Cub pilot nodded downwards and asked if



Frantic refugees from Berlin streamed into the village. They had walked more than forty miles to keep out of the hands of the Russians

I would like to land. I said yes and we set down smoothly in the midst of the spring stillness, unable to pick out anyone—American or German. The pilot took off and I was completely alone in enemy territory, swept by the uneasy sensation that unfriendly eyes were boring into me from a hundred different directions. In the morning sun, I imagined I spotted the glints of enemy rifle barrels and set off through a wooded area, hoping the direction would lead me to the GIs.

Every tree, in my mind, bore a sniper. I emerged from the woods and crossed a road. An easy target standing alone in the rutted dirt road, I zig-zagged along as quickly as possible, hoping thereby to avoid any shots that might be pegged in my di-

rection. At long last I burst out into the section of the road where the Americans were holding the German prisoners. The GIs were frankly amazed to see a war correspondent wandering about the area on his own.

After a brief exchange of greetings, the GIs gave me a handful of pistols as a gift and then marched the prisoners towards the town. I stayed behind to sketch the truck and practically dropped in my tracks when five German soldiers rose from a bush-covered ditch, their hands on their heads in token of surrender and gave themselves up to me. The war was definitely over, I thought, when the Wehrmacht was giving up to a war correspondent armed only with a pencil and sketchbook.



Illustrated by the Author

I managed to hail the other column by shouting down the road and placed my prisoners on the route to town. At that point, I decided it would be more discreet for me to proceed in that direction. Wholesale surrenders like that might soon be replaced by a few intractable elements.

We plodded along the road and at a bend shaped in right-angle fashion, we saw a German truck approaching us. All of us, prisoners included, scrambled for the most convenient ditches and Sergeant Baker stepped out to flag down the vehicle with his automatic rifle.

Instead of stopping, although the Germans evidently planned to surrender, the truck veered off to the right in precipitous haste while Sergeant Baker's bullets chewed off splinters from the fleeing vehicle.

With the disappearance of the truck, we continued the trek to the village, where I encountered Lieutenant Olson. He invited me to join him and four GIs who were going out to track down a dozen SS men. Liberated slave laborers had informed him that the SS troops, armed with panzerfausts, were holed up in the woods southeast of the village.

(Continued on page 42)

The unfortunates left behind lined the Elbe's east bank as Olson pushed off, the liberated "slaves," Russians, Poles and Frenchmen, pulling on the cable



The Brigadier General as his men often see him

Manila

FIGHTING THE JAPS in the Pacific is a tooth-and-claw business. That is a job made to order for Brigadier General Hanford MacNider and his riproaring, hell-for-leather, jungle-trained Bushmasters. The outfit did not acquire its name by doing base commando combat, but earned it in the jungles all the way up from New Britain to the Philippines. Truly it has laid heavy hands on the Japanese imperial forces and that is just one more reason why the Philippines are today one of the most unhealthy spots on earth for the Nippies.

The Bushmasters, it may be well to explain, is the 158th Infantry Regiment expanded by the addition of artillery, hospital and auxiliary forces to the proportions of a baby Division, all under the command of Brigadier General MacNider. The 158th, an old Arizona National Guard regiment with a good sprinkling of Arizona and New Mexico men left after three years of the vicissitudes of war, is under the command of Col. Erle O. Sandlin of Anniston, Alabama. It forms the backbone of the combat team, which operates independently and

exactly in the same manner as a full infantry Division. On the records it is called the 158th Regimental Combat Team, but the men prefer to be called Bushmasters.

After fighting out the New Britain and New Guinea campaigns, the team since early in January has been rampaging all over Luzon, taking each objective in its stride. When there is a tough spot to be cleaned out the Bushmasters are sent in to do the job, and they do it in a workman-like manner, with no fuss or feathers. The command, of course, has a lot to do with the push and drive of the unit, and spark-plug of that command is Legionnaire Jack MacNider, brigadier general, of Mason City, Iowa.

Toughened by a year of special training

One of the most noted of the Past National Commanders of the Legion, Jack MacNider has won new laurels as a fighting man in the Pacific, to go with those he acquired serving with the 2d Division in France 27 years ago

By BOYD B. STUTLER
American Legion War Correspondent

in jungle warfare in Panama, where the 158th was used to try out new weapons and equipment, the infantry section of the team has seen heavy action on Goodenough Island; at Arawe, New Britain; at Finschhafen, New Guinea, and on Wadke and Noemfoor Islands in its more than two years in General Douglas MacArthur's Pacific area. It has had its longest period of continuous combat since coming under MacNider's command at Noemfoor in August, 1944.

Tough, lean, wiry, and for all of his fifty-odd years, the He Bushmaster, as one of his men called him admiringly, MacNider can out-climb, out-drive, out-walk, out-talk, and probably out-fight any man in his outfit. While Corporal James D. Gottlob, Big Timber, Montana, is nominally his driver, the general does his own driving—and how!—navigating his jeep over the most nonjeepable roads, through heavy jungles and up steep hillsides. But at that the corporal does not have a cushy job.

"What kind of a seat do you have when you go out with the general?" I asked.

"Don't know," he replied somewhat ruefully.
(Continued on page 37)



Reprints of this painting, suitable for framing, without advertising, will be sent if requested by Oct. 31, 1945, United States Brewers Foundation, 21 E. 40th St., N. Y.

New England Clam Bake . . . painted by WILLIAM PALMER

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists



Claim bakes on New England's historic beaches, weekend sailing in California waters, a backyard "barbecue" or an Iowa husking bee . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Beer belongs...enjoy it



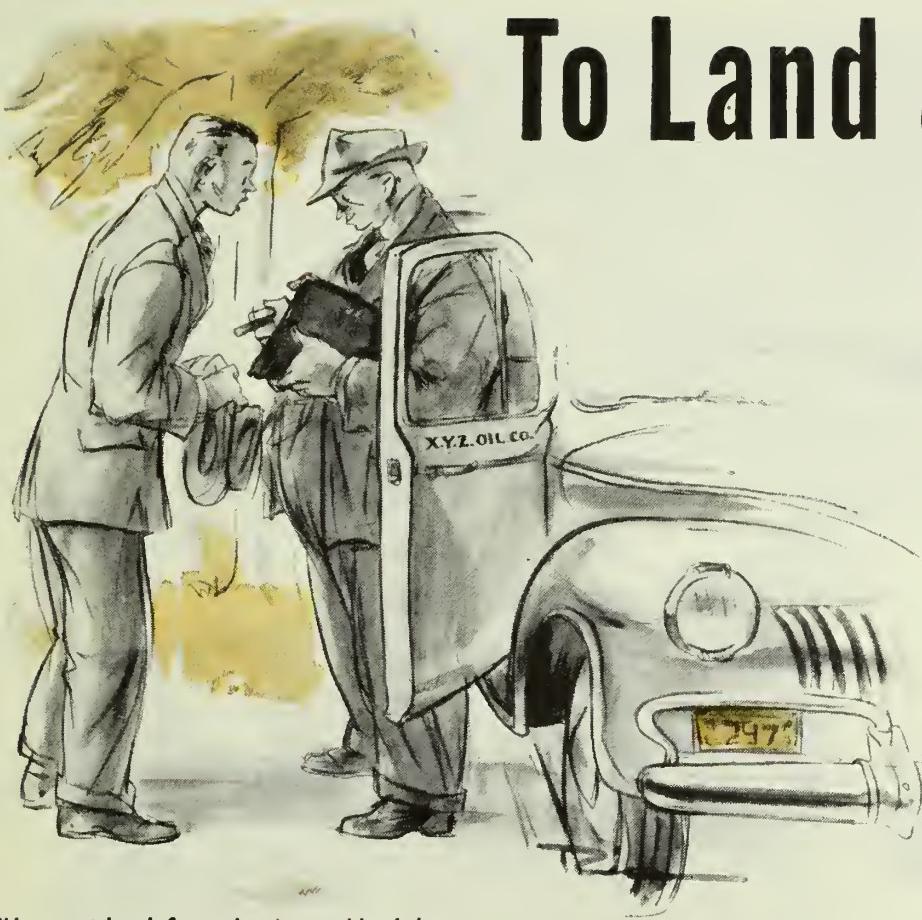
Blatz Beer



BUY... Don't Sell
War Bonds!



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"Just got back from the Army, Mr. Johnson, and want to get a job selling. Thought maybe you could give me a good steer."

SO YOU'VE DECIDED to get a job in selling! And you are thinking forward to that day when you can climb into a suit of civvies and get YCU and COMPANY back on the track to *somewhere*.

Now that the great day is in sight, you are asking yourself, "Where do I start to get a sales job? Where do I go? Whom do I see? What do I say?"

Questions swarm through your mind: "Why should anybody want to hire a guy like me without any sales experience? Do I write a letter first or barge right in? What do I say in a letter? To whom do I address it? Shall I ask about a job or simply try to arrange for an interview? If I get an interview, what do I say when I get there?"

Whoa there, my friend! Those are all good questions and very sensibly asked, but let us start at the beginning and take them one at a time!

In fact, before I start answering questions at all, let us get squared away on the matter of *your attitude* towards a job in civilian life.

Don't be afraid to tackle this business of getting a job after you are mustered out. Business men, who are awaiting your return, do not expect a fellow who was at Salerno or Normandy, at Iwo Jima or Okinawa to be an experienced salesman,

To Land a Job in Selling

By BURTON BIGELOW

Second of two articles on the art of salesmanship, for men coming out of this war who think they can qualify

I do not say that these men intend to be arrogant or overly demanding; I do not say they haven't earned the right to the best opportunity peacetime industry can offer. I simply say that such fellows are using the weakest possible appeal to get a job when they have much stronger reasons available, and I do say that a man must have a pretty poor opinion of himself and his own capacities if he bases his application for a job solely on an honorable service record.

To sum up the question of *your attitude* toward getting a job:

First: Don't be afraid to try for one; there is a job waiting for you, and

Second: Sell *yourself*, your innate, intrinsic abilities, not your service record.

Next, let us talk about the particular steps to take in getting a selling job. Start out with an open mind. Keep clear of stubborn, fixed ideas. Don't say:

"I won't leave my home town, or

"I won't stay in my home town.

"I won't take a traveling job, or

"I won't take a job unless I can travel.

"I won't work in a big city, or

(Continued on page 34)



Don't get upset, fidgety or ruffled if you are compelled to wait.

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Pacific A.A.F.

By CAPT. RAYMOND CREEKMORE, A. A. F.

The capture of Iwo Jima meant fighter protection for the B-29s attacking the Jap homeland. This fighter above the big fellows rates better than a letter from home with the bomber crews

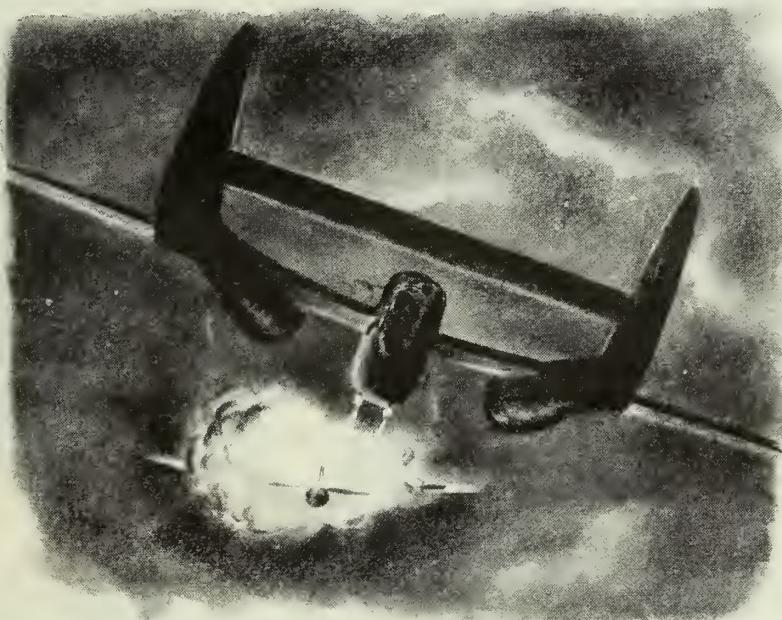
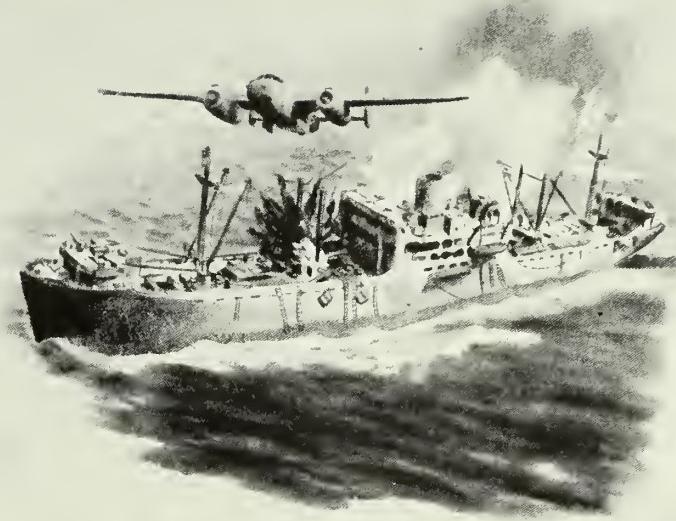
While the war in Europe was taking most of our supplies, the Army Air Forces in the Pacific—the 5th, 7th and 13th—were helping to pave the way back across that ocean to the gates of Japan.

The advance followed a fixed pattern. First, pre-invasion bombing, then, after a point or island had been taken, the building of airfields in jungles or on coral atolls. Operation from this point meant more bombing and hopping to the next island, by-passing Japs and neutralizing them by airpower.



Pattern for Okinawa. Air-ground co-operation was so close on Saipan the crouching Marines were showered with empty cartridges as the Japs immediately ahead were pinned down by fire from our planes

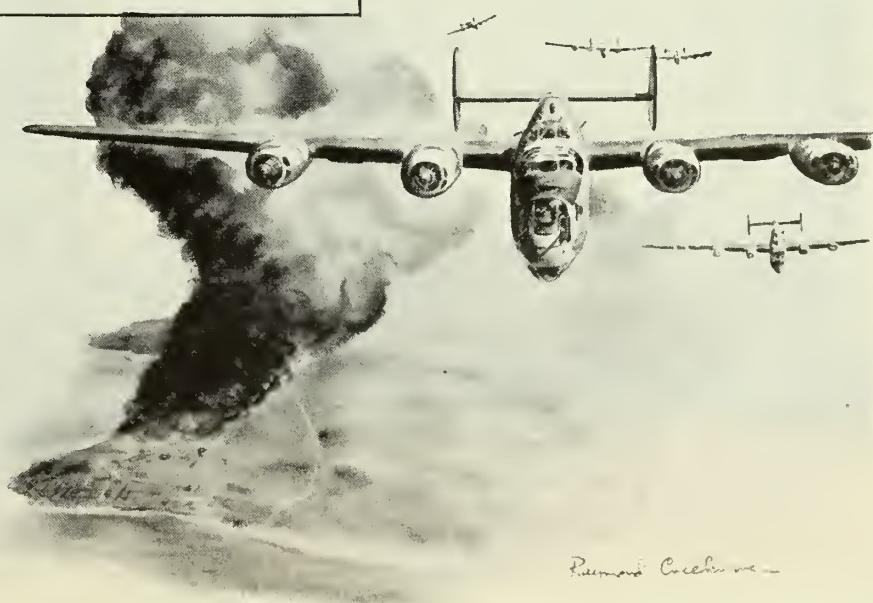
One of the big tasks of the Pacific airmen has been to find enemy shipping and destroy it. Here a Jap freighter is the victim of a B-25 skip-bombing attack, a technique developed in Pacific operations



The sky lights up as the P-61 night fighter, having established through radar the position of the Nipponese plane, blows it up in a burst of fire

*Drawings by
Capt. Creekmore,
who recently returned from
the Pacific*

The B-24 Liberator, workhorse of the Pacific, has made long hauls to the Dutch Indies, Formosa and the China coast. Here several bombers of this type are shown just after they had hit a Borneo oil refinery



Reunited Creekmore



During the Yunnan offensive in Burma, August 1944, American Engineers provided a foot bridge for soldiers and a cable ferry for vehicles over the Salween River



This spectacular shot reveals the welcome given Nazi planes by American ack-ack fire during an air raid over Algiers, North Africa, in 1943



A traitor meets death at hands of his fellow countrymen at Rennes, France. Note cut rope and splinters

We asked the Corps to furnish us with a selection of the best pictures its men had snapped since Pearl Harbor. The eight on these pages we consider the cream of the cream



The "Big Three"—Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin—with their military aides in the patio of the palace at Yalta, February, 1945



On Bougainville, Sgt. Charles H. Volerton heaves a grenade at a Jap pillbox. March, 1944

Signal Corps Champ Pix

In Sicily, August 1943, Pfc. Harvey White administers blood plasma to a wounded Yank as natives show sympathetic interest in the proceedings



Millet might have painted this scene. A French peasant, with his wife standing by, says a prayer and strews roses on the body of an American soldier killed in front of their home



A Nazi sniper interrupts, with panic and death, Parisians' celebration of the entry of Allied troops into the capital, August 26, 1944. Scene: Place de la Concorde

Muggsy's Monkey

By Sergeant SAM ZELMAN

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Muggsy Terkle lay sprawled on his bunk and absently whistled a motley assortment of tunes. His eyes surveyed the side of his tent, where the sun, streaming through a tropical tree, etched a crazy pattern of light and shadow.

Muggsy, with the face of a summer squash and a turret of cornsilk, felt devilish. He had misbehaved, but for a time at least he would get away with it. His court-martial, scheduled for tomorrow, had been postponed indefinitely. It seemed there was no American flag available. And to a wool-dyed old Army man like the commanding officer, a court-martial is unthinkable without the Colors. How else could the proceedings be given the proper air of authority? Of course there was one flag at this pint-sized Pacific outpost, but it flew from the bamboo in front of headquarters. To suggest that it be borrowed for the trial would be akin to treason.

So Muggsy was delighted. When he smiled, a crescent of widely-spaced teeth brightened his countenance—and the faces of everyone around him. His big ears and broad features were mounted on a ruddy face animated almost continuously by a captivating whimsy. Everything about him, from his country-style walk to his earthy talk, endeared him to his buddies.

Ever since his midnight escapade in a jeep ended in the Old Man's office, Muggsy dreaded having to explain to a collection of stone-faced officers that he took the vehicle merely on an impulse to hunt coconuts by moonlight.

"If only that GI puddle-jumper had saw that hairpin turn," he had reflected sadly, "nobody would'a found out I took it. Back home you don't find no horse goin' over a cliff. If they ast me, I'd take any scrawny ol' mare for the best jeep that ever was built."

It was the morning before the scheduled court-martial that the assistant adjutant sent word that the trial would have to wait. Muggsy was to continue in his regular duties.

Now Muggsy's regular duties consisted of hunting Jap snipers—a task for which he held no distaste whatever. In fact he relished it. "No diff'rent than huntin' quail back home, only the Jap monkeys shoot back at you," Muggsy would say. He cleaned his carbine, drew a few dozen



Muggsy's whimsical smile brightened everyone around him

rounds, then hit the bunk to await chow call.

"Ha!" he exclaimed to no one in particular. "They ain't got no flag, so I git a ree-prieve. Never heard tell of anything the likes of that before."

Pee Wee, the little corporal who worked in the adjutant's office, was dozing on the other bunk. He turned over with much grunting and clacking and said nothing.

Muggsy went on: "I guess they cain't touch me without a flag. And where they gonna git one? Fish it outa the drink? Boy, I shoulda started swipin' jeeps long before this."

The next day at dawn Muggsy and a few of the fellows in his company snaked their way into a ravine looking for Japs. According to Muggsy, you never know where you'll find the "monkeys"—in the trees, behind rocks, or in the stinking streams. There were plenty of them around; Muggsy could hear them. And although he was a talented rifleman, this day netted him not a single Nip soul.

At chow that night Muggsy heard from Pee Wee. "This flag business is stirrin' up a lot of excitement," said the combat-starved little corporal. "While you guys were out huntin' Japs, we were busy huntin' a flag for your trial. I'd rather hunt Japs any day. Get bored something awful sittin'

around that office. Did you shoot yourself a monkey today?"

Muggsy shook his head.

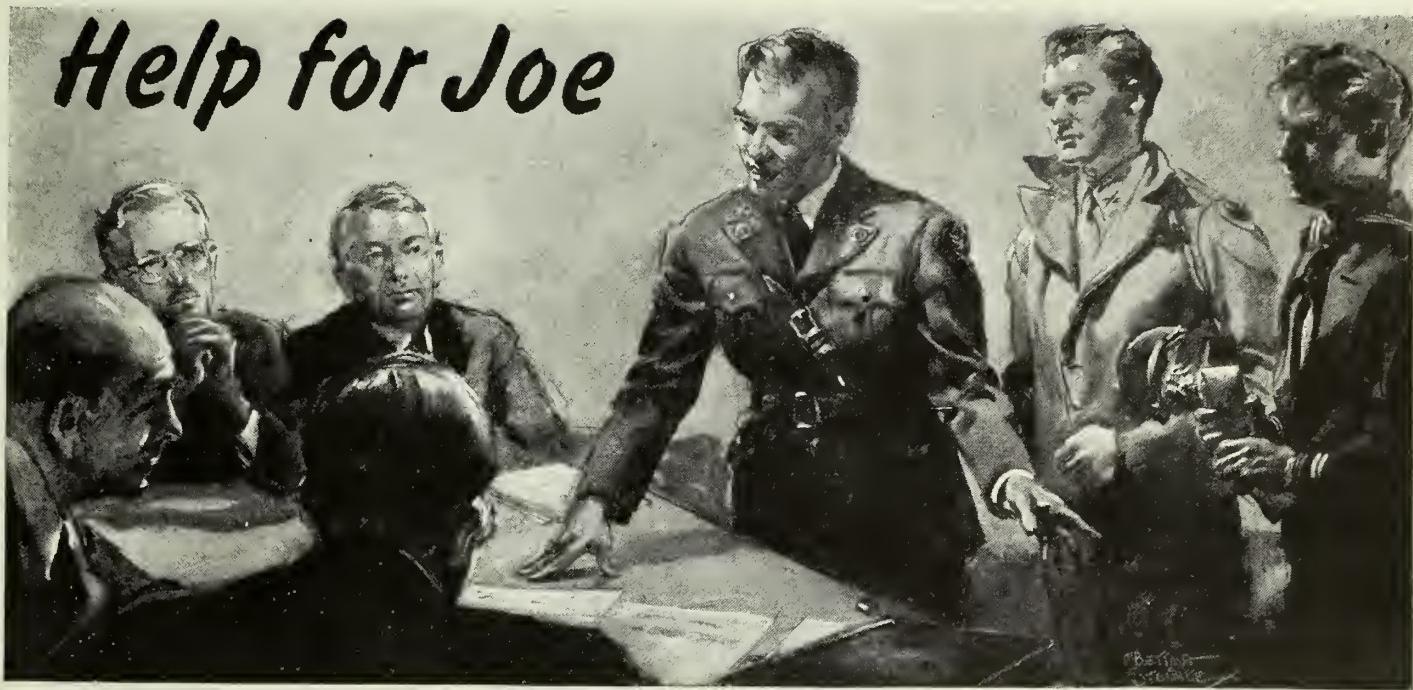
"Well, anyway," continued Pee Wee, "let me tell you about the fight they had—and all over you. The CO calls in the supply officer and gives him a hot lecture. 'I want a flag for the court-martial and I don't care where the hell you get it,' the Old Man says. And the looey mumbles somethin' about 'There ain't no extra flag on this island, sir. It'll take six weeks, sir, to get one if I order it from command supply, sir,' he says.

"So then the Old Man really blows his yap and the looey stands there keepin' mum. And when the Old Man is through, the poor bozo salutes and walks out talkin' to himself. And in the meantime, all the guys in the office are laughin' up their sleeve. You know, Muggsy," said Pee Wee appreciatively as he folded another slab of Spam into his mouth, "you've given this chewed-out outfit the most excitement we've had since we hit here."

Muggsy roared. "Are they gonna apologize to me and forgit the whole thing?"

And so time passed. Every day Muggsy set out with the boys to clean up on a few more snipers. Some days he did all right. In two weeks he bagged eight of them.

"You gotta flush 'em out," he would say.
(Continued on page 29)



Help for Joe

By JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR

National Legislative Director, The American Legion

WHAT IS THE TRUTH about the GI Bill of Rights?

More than a year has passed since this precedent-smashing veterans legislation was written into the law of the land. No other single law has provoked the universal discussion that the GI Bill has stirred up. It's been cussed and discussed on every side. It's been praised to the skies as a panacea of every possible ill; it's been condemned with every possible epithet.

Where does the truth lie?

For the first time, now, it is possible to pause and take stock under the test of actual operation. And the answer is good. A year's operation has shown weaknesses and inadequacies in the Bill, and in the regulations adopted by the Veterans Administration to make it effective, of course. That was expected; and The American Legion is moving now to correct those weaknesses.

But the pattern has been proved to be sound. The GI Bill was not a bonus bill. It was, as its name—the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—implies, a program to speed the readjustment of returning veterans to civilian life. It was designed to restore them as closely as possible to the economic and social status they would have enjoyed had they not been called into the service of their country. We know now that it can be made to accomplish that purpose. We are determined that it must be made to do so.

Most of the "bugs" in the Bill have been discovered by now. In the Legion's Washington office hundreds of complaints from veterans have been compiled and studied; scores of suggestions from business, educational, legislative and technical experts

The GI Bill of Rights became the GI Law because the Legion showed Congress the necessity of its enactment. A year's experience having proved the law needs tightening up, here are some of the changes the Legion is recommending

have been given the closest consideration.

Some changes will be needed in the Bill itself. But by far the greatest number of changes, modifications and liberalizations must come in the Veterans Administration regulations, which have stifled the bill in red tape, and in some instances all but regulated all meaning and aid out of its provisions. We are learning that the Bill itself is better than we might have thought six months ago.

The GI Loan guarantee provisions have brought the major fire from critics of the Bill—and it is there that the larger number of modifications must be made. Yet an outstanding financial expert told the Legion at a recent conference:

"The loan section of the GI Bill is better established, is making better progress today than the FHA or the HOLC had made at a similar stage of their development. The loan provisions of the Bill are workable, and they will operate efficiently with a little added interest on the part of lending agencies, and with a few modifications."

The GI Bill authorizes the Veterans Administration to guarantee—up to \$2,000—fifty percent of loans obtained by veterans

from public or private lending institutions for the purchase of homes, farms or small business properties. The purpose of the Bill was sound—but here, more than in any other provision, the veteran has found himself so bound by restrictions and red tape that in a tragic number of cases eligible veterans have been defeated in their efforts to obtain loans.

As this is written, the Legion is carrying to Congress, and to the Veterans Administration, a comprehensive program that will smooth out the loan provisions, and make them operate efficiently in the interests of our returning fighting men. This program includes:

1. An amendment to the GI Bill to authorize guarantees of business loans for working capital and inventories. Many a veteran has been denied a business loan because most of the funds derived would have to be used to purchase a stock in trade. Many small businesses consist of little but a lease, a few dollars worth of equipment and the good will and goods that will be sold. Veterans complain, with justice:

"What's the good of helping me buy a business, if I can't get the money to operate it after I've bought it?"

2. Speeding up and simplifying the processing of loans. This is particularly important in the case of business loans: it is discouraging and irritating for a veteran to have to wait weeks, perhaps months, before he can be granted a loan for which he—and the lending agency—know he is qualified. One banker said:

"We've been trying for six months to work through the red tape and make a

(Continued on page 30)

No Other Way

By CLIFFORD DAVIS

"MISTER CONGRESSMAN, tell the folks back home this would have been a helluvalot easier war if we'd had Universal Military Training for the last twenty-five years."

It is Private Henry Pope talking—talking in the midst of ruined Cherbourg. Private Pope knows what he's saying. He was there when they took the Normandy beaches, and, he adds:

"Believe me, that was rugged. Don't let anybody kid you about these Germans. They're tough. They know how to fight. I wouldn't trade anything for the intensive, hard preparation, the grinding drill we had before we stormed those beaches.

"We took 'em. But, Mr. Congressman, there are some friends of mine who maybe'd still be alive today if we'd had military training in America before we entered this war.

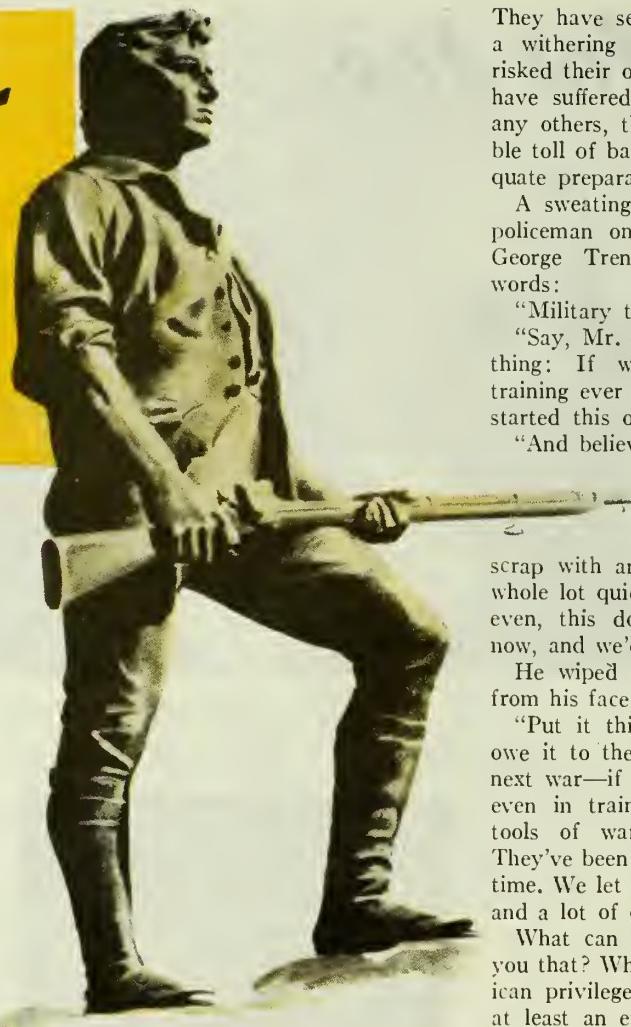
"We're going to need it, and need it bad if we're going to keep this war won after we sign the peace."

Private Pope isn't complaining. He's only talking the kind of hard, cold facts that every fighting man who has seen combat talks these days. At home we may argue about Universal Military Training. We may debate whether to legislate it now, or wait until the war's over. We may trade millions of words back and forth to decide whether we'll have it at all.

But our combat troops don't argue. They know the need. And they are saying today the things that the veterans of another war have said for twenty-five years. Since its inception, The American Legion has fought for universal military training, as the basic essential safeguard for America's freedom. If the Legion's voice had been heeded in those peacetime years, we might not have had to fight this war. And in any event, had the Legion program of universal military training been adopted, in the words of Private Pope, this would have been a "helluvalot easier war."

National Commander Edward N. Scheiberling of the Legion has pledged his entire organization with these words:

"This time we do not say that it must not happen again."



The soundest method of insurance is UMT, under which every citizen will become in fact a Minute Man

"This time we say that, under God, it shall not happen again."

There is no other way than Universal Military Training to make absolutely certain it won't happen again.

At the request of the Legion, Chairman Andrew Jackson May of the House Military Affairs Committee has introduced the Legion-sponsored bill for a year's military training for every American young man. And if the spirit of our combat troops of this war prevails, that program—or something close to it—will be enacted into law.

Last summer, on a visit to the European Theater of war, I talked to thousands of American fighting men—from privates to generals on every front. I saw them in the mud and the blinding dust of Italy, amid the wrecked cities and villages of France, in the hospitals of England. I asked every one the question:

"Do you think we should have universal military training in the United States after the war?"

They may not have been unanimous on anything else. But they were on that. They have seen the horrors of war at first hand.

They have seen their comrades die under a withering torrent of fire. They have risked their own lives—and many of them have suffered severe wounds. Better than any others, they know not only the terrible toll of battle, but the necessity of adequate preparation.

A sweating, dust-coated, weary military policeman on an Italian crossroads, Pvt. George Trent, put their thoughts into words:

"Military training?

"Say, Mr. Davis, let me tell you something: If we'd had universal military training ever since the last war, we'd have started this one even with the Nazis.

"And believe me, any time we start any

scrap with an even break, we'll win it a whole lot quicker. If we'd started this one even, this doggoned war would be over now, and we'd all be back home."

He wiped a fistful of sweat-caked dirt from his face, grinned and said:

"Put it this way: Don't you think we owe it to the guys who have to fight the next war—if there is a next war—to start even in training, equipment, and all the tools of war? These Nazis are tough. They've been working at it for a long, long time. We let them get away ahead of us—and a lot of our boys have paid for that."

What can you say to a man who asks you that? Who asks only for the old American privilege in any scrap—a chance for at least an even break?

These fighting men believe, with all their hearts, that an adequately-prepared America—and adequate preparedness in their book means universal military training—can keep out of future wars. They believe it is the most effective notice we can give all the world, that when we go to the peacetable with our ideals and hopes for peace, we mean business. Their greatest fear is that, after they have won the war, we shall lose the peace.

I asked Lt. Gen. Mark Clark what the men thought of military training. He called out of line a boy who was born in my home town, Memphis, Tenn., Maj. John McCormack, whose family now lives in Washington, D. C. Maj. McCormack said:

"There isn't one of us who doesn't hope that America adopts universal military training for all able-bodied young men—and a like period of public service for those physically unfit for the Army, just to keep everything fair and equal."

"Each one of us, Mr. Davis, is afraid that, if our country returns to its old feeling of comfortable complacency when this war is over, we may get 'polished off' by some militaristic power some day before we can get ready to defend ourselves."

"That isn't just an idle fear, either, Mr. Congressman."

"It could happen—unless we are prepared

back home at all times to suppress any enemy force inimical to our interests."

That's what these fighting men of ours mean when they talk of winning "the peace." They aren't militaristic. Their one hope is to get this war over as quickly as possible, and get back to a normal life in normal America. Even that hope, they say, might have been realized months ago if America had had universal military training before this war.

When a prize fighter is planning to go into the ring, he spends months in training. War's an awful lot more serious than a prize fight. It's a lot more technical. It calls for all sorts of technical weapons and knowledge. And surely, the men who may be called upon to defend our country in the future are entitled to the same preparation that a prize fighter gives himself.

In the hospitals you get a far more compelling, more tragic plea for universal military training—a plea that you can't ignore. It was in England that I came upon a wounded Negro soldier from my own city, Pvt. Emrick B. Clark, one of the thousands of loyal colored fighters who are offering every sacrifice to protect their country. He smiled when I stopped to talk with him, and he said:

"Mister Congressman, I'm not aiming to do any complaining.

"But you get a chance to think a lot here in the hospital. And what I've been thinking is this: If I'd known a little more before I went up against those Germans, I don't believe they'd of clipped me like they did.

"Maybe I'd still be out there fighting, or maybe we'd have this war over now. I sure hope that after this war, the United States will teach the men of my race, and all the men of our country, something about fighting.

"Mister Congressman, there wasn't any of us knew anything about what war was like until we got into it."

When they warn against the danger of the United States being "polished off" by some militaristic enemy in the future, they are talking from the depths of their hearts. They know the nature of modern war. They know the future of rocket bombs, the sudden, devastating, undefendable rush of death from the air. They know the grim, fanatical warfare that militaristic powers wage today. They can see the danger that the future holds.

These young men know that, in a future war, an unprepared, undefended nation might be destroyed long before it could rally its defenses. They know that the next time the United States may not have the time to get ready after the war starts. If we are ready, the chances are overwhelming that we won't have to fight.

And they know, too, that military training will make the adjustment from war to peace more easy for future fighting men if war does come: M/Sgt. Jasper P. Neel, Jr., whom I met in England, said:

"I wish that every young man in the United States could have universal military training. If we'd had it, we could stand the hardships a lot easier."

Even without those compelling reasons, we should advocate universal military training for the good it will do our young men alone.

My own son was graduated from high school at 17. He sought to qualify under the Navy V-12 program for training, and did so. Within ten days after his high school graduation he was sent to the University of North Carolina and there began serious and thorough programs of study. Like so many young high school boys he had never taken scholarship too seriously. He is personable, enjoyed his friends, had a quick, active mind, was able to make fairly satisfactory, passing grades.

I hope that I may be pardoned in making this personal reference, but his experience has confirmed my deep belief in military training. There were many times when he thought that he would not meet the naval requirements. It was not long before he learned how to study. His grades began to improve.

Upon successful completion of these preliminary courses he went through a more specialized course given even more directly by experienced and seasoned naval officers which would prepare him for active line officer duty. In the little more than a year his mind has developed, his body has grown,

Illustrated By TRAN MAWICKE

his outlook has broadened, and we are delighted with his maturity, his vision, and his deep patriotic impulses.

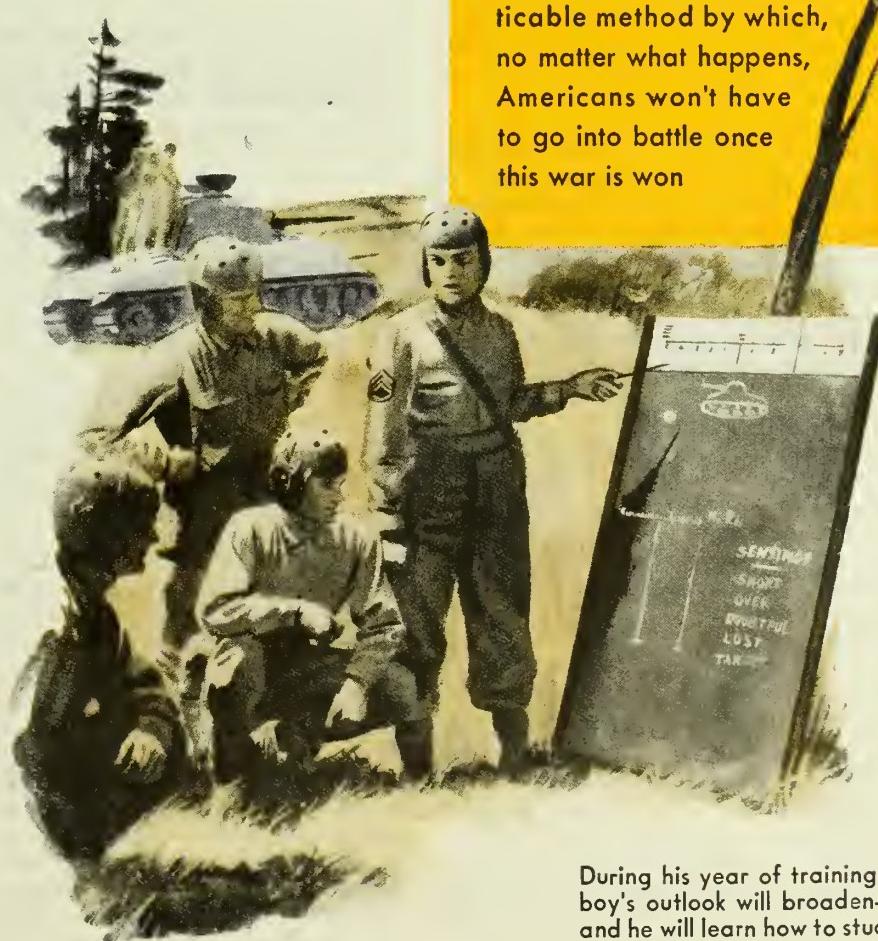
He is the average American boy who loves the institutions, the traditions, and the opportunities of his country.

While strategy and tactics of war remain much the same, implements of war are ever undergoing change. We now base our strength on a flow of weapons and not upon a stock pile. To endeavor to create an excessively large air force would be but to emulate the unfortunate experience of France in 1930. In building the largest air force in Europe the French Air Ministry failed to recognize how much war plans suffer from obsolescence and was, therefore, unable to cope with the Luftwaffe when Germany attacked.

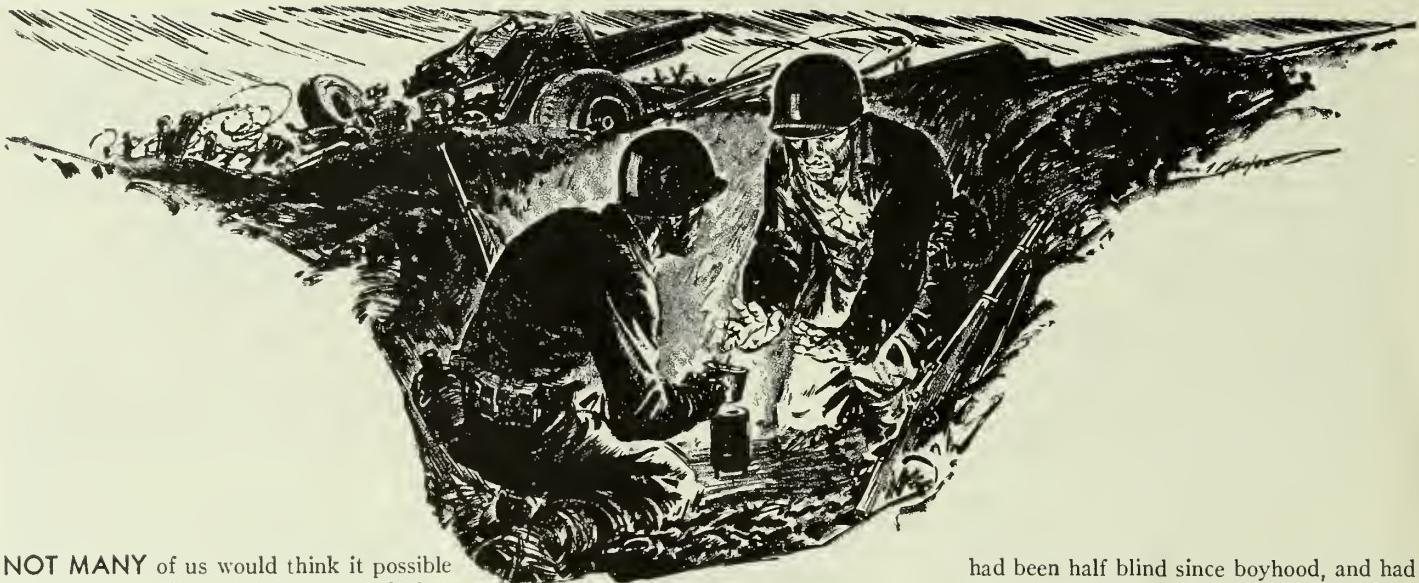
The most useful air force will be relatively small but with a high rate of turnover in order that technical developments may be used to advantage. Such a statement, as well, holds true for other branches of our Armed Forces. As new machines of war are developed so, too, must men be

(Continued on page 46)

A Tennessee Congressman tells why Universal Military Training offers the only practicable method by which, no matter what happens, Americans won't have to go into battle once this war is won



During his year of training a boy's outlook will broaden—and he will learn how to study



NOT MANY of us would think it possible to put comfort in a foxhole or a tank, but one man did. W. C. Coleman, a 75-year-old Kansan, figured out a little gasoline stove which gives the boy on the battle-front a combination kitchen range, hot-water system and heating plant that is as easy to carry as a helmet. It is about the size of a quart thermos bottle; it weighs three pounds, it is a cinch to operate, and is absolutely reliable and foolproof.

On a cup of gasoline borrowed from plane or jeep, the soldier can have a fire for two hours in his tent, dugout or fox-hole; he can warm rations, brew coffee or cook a meal. He can boil shaving water in four minutes. The pocket stove is easily the most popular nonshooting piece of equipment to come out of the war.

The Army asked Coleman to design a stove to be used by ski-troopers and Alaska patrols; but the device filled such an enormous need that it is now standard equipment for all branches of the service. Coleman dolled up the millionth stove and sent it to a fellow Kansan, General Eisenhower, last April.

The few civilians who have heard of the pocket stove can scarcely believe that such a little thing can do so much. The case makes a quart-sized stew pan. The top makes a smaller one. The stove lights instantly, burns with a blue flame that is practically invisible, even at night. Temperature and altitude make no difference; the stove works equally well in the humid jungles, in the Aleutians or high in a bomber.

The stove burns any kind of gasoline. This simple fact may not impress you, but it is the trick which makes engineers marvel. No gasoline stove had ever been capable of using ethyl gas—the lead in it wouldn't vaporize and quickly gummed up the burner. Coleman's engineers solved the problem.

What makes the stove popular with the GIs are the little things that the white-haired man in Kansas added. He fastened all removable parts with little chains. No

Foxhole Stove

By LEWIS NORDYKE

The size of a quart thermos bottle, this device of an elderly Kansas man has been "out of this world" to our soldiers in the front lines

careless GI can endanger his life by pouring in gasoline while the stove is burning, for when the fill plug is unscrewed, the pressure puffs out and the stove can't burn. Four flat legs fold out from the bottom, and they have holes so they can be tacked to a board or log. Spare generators, other expendable parts, and a wrench are attached securely inside the frame. As a final touch of foxhole comfort, the control screw-head was made so it stays cool; the soldier can adjust the flame with his bare fingers.

"You have no idea what a big thing some practical little device like a successful stove is in the life of a man at the front," Ernie Pyle wrote, and went on to tell how the Coleman stove always worked.

Soldiers brew coffee just before battle, Tommies depend upon it for tea, Commandos take it along on their raids.

Coleman's name has long been known in rural America. In 1899 he was selling typewriters to earn money for a law course in the University of Kansas. A flood of white light pouring from a drugstore in Brockton, Alabama, attracted his attention. It came from a gasoline lamp. Coleman

had been half blind since boyhood, and had never been able to read at night. But under the soft glow of the gasoline lamp he could read the labels on the bottles.

Every home should have such a lamp, Coleman thought. He was sure that people who had to depend on a dismal kerosene light would stampede to buy this new and wonderful device. He set up an agency in Kingfisher, Oklahoma. Then he learned that gasoline lamps had a bad name. They worked poorly. Then Coleman had the novel idea of selling light instead of lamps. He rented out lamps and agreed to keep them working.

Storekeepers jumped at the chance to buy light, provided they didn't have to tinker with the lamps. Within a year Coleman was lighting a score of towns in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Nevada and California. He hired lamplighters to tend the lamps. In working on defective lamps, Coleman learned why they wouldn't function. Then he designed one that worked. He sold millions of them—still sells a lot, in areas not electrified, and faraway lands.

FOR THE BENEFIT of people who rarely had a chance to attend sports events Coleman proposed to light a football field for a night game. That was in 1905. One of Coleman's crazy ideas, people thought. But the University of Wichita and Sterling College played the first night football game of record under the glow of Coleman's gasoline burners.

By the time rural electrification lines stretched out to the small towns, Coleman had perfected his outdoor gasoline lantern, and he was making pressing irons and heating equipment for use on outlying farms. When he started work on his lantern he told his engineers: "I want a lantern that will withstand a Kansas twister."

Coleman personally tested the lantern for several years. He took it out in blizzards and rainstorms; he left it burning in the open during all kinds of weather. Today Coleman's lantern is almost as popular

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SOUTHWEST CALLING

(Continued from page 11)

ard of living. He doesn't realize what a welcome is in store for him.

There will be more demand for new housing in the Southwest than in other regions, simply because the Southwest was years behind on housing before the war began. Most of these new buildings will be homes and shops—many of them will be air-conditioned.

Men, looking into this problem, expect the boom in housing to last five years. And as fast as materials can be allocated, millions of dollars will be spent on new paved roads. Real estate will probably move briskly in this period.

SURVEYS ARE being made of the professions and their needs, and already it is clear we shall be short many doctors, dentists, and pharmacists. As for psychiatrists, the whole country is ten years behind in their training.

Agriculture and cattle ranching, basic in this region, are both short on labor, though many men employed in them were exempted from the draft. Some large irrigation projects are being planned which should open new lands for qualified farmers. And then there are mining and oil.

During the war new deposits of oil and other minerals have been discovered and only await development. These industries require the services of our young men.

Both will have every incentive to expand.

As time goes on and things shape up, the picture will grow clearer—and brighter. New industries will develop, new jobs will be created. But not every veteran will find the work he wants at first, and certainly fellows who are dreaming of jobs at a hundred dollars a week for everybody might just as well wake up. Taxes are high and will remain so. For some time there will probably be no big money in sight.

The wise veteran will therefore look first of all for a steady job that will keep him going, rather than for seasonal work—however well paid. He should also look for work that will not come to an end suddenly if the stock market goes down. And unless he is well-heeled, he would be smart to find something which requires little capital investment and a comparatively small working capital.

The people of the Southwest are a friendly lot, but the veteran from outside must remember that every community naturally wishes to see its own sons and daughters employed before it opens the door to strangers.

Most folks used to advise young men to marry the boss' daughter; now the gag is to marry a girl with a good job. Many a young woman, now employed, will be ready to quit and start housekeeping when the right guy comes along.

No doubt, if hard times do come, the

Covernment will take up the slack with a program of public works, some of which are already planned for the Southwest. But don't kid yourself, Joe. In the long run nobody is going to do more for you than

PERFUMIE



"Have you anything that would lure a Marine, but at the same time repel sailors?"

you can do for yourself. The same qualities that made America great in the past will keep her great in the future. Use your head, keep your shirt on, and get set to roll up your sleeves!

MUGGSY'S MONKEY

(Continued from page 24)

"They ain't so much diff'rnt than quail back home."

At night he would learn the latest developments in the flag situation from Pee Wee, who regarded the court-martial complications with the sustained interest of a serial story fan. To Pee Wee, every day was another engrossing chapter and he lived in the hope that the story would never end.



For if it did, it would mean an unhappy end for Muggsy. And Pee Wee idolized Muggsy, both for his prowess with a rifle and his whimsical good humor in the deadly business of hunting Jap prey.

"If you keep on mowin' down the Japs, maybe you'll be wearin' a medal in the stockade," Pee Wee laughed.

IT WAS on the eighteenth day that Muggsy bagged a Jap alive. After a quick exchange of shots, the jungle foliage parted and out stepped a trembling sniper, his hands over his head. Muggsy disarmed him, brought him to camp and turned him over to Intelligence. Then Muggsy calmly went to chow.

"Still no flag," Pee Wee told him. "I guess you're gonna have to wait 'til after the war."

Muggsy grinned his whimsical grin. "I ain't in no hurry. But the joke'll be on them if a monkey gits me first. The bird I brought in today liketa winged me."

But the following day brought bad news. Pee Wee looked almost pitiful when he told it.

"They finally got a flag, Pal," he said. "Gee, it's a damn shame. You gotta face the music now. You really don't know how

bad this makes me and all the gang feel."

"Say," said Muggsy as his buddy's face sagged like a torn Lister bag. "Who's gonna git court-martialed, you or me? You don't have to take it so hard."

"I haven't got the heart to tell you. Muggsy, my bosom buddy. It'll make you boil. It's crazy. If it didn't happen to you, you'd never believe it."

"What the heck you talkin' about?" Muggsy's usually sunny face tightened with impatience.

"Don't you want to know where they got the flag?"

"Yeah," said Muggsy, "I forgot. Where did they git the flag?"

There was a moment of silence while Pee Wee searched for the proper approach. He spoke slowly and carefully as he struggled to cushion the serious impact of his words:

"Remember yesterday you said a Jap might get you first. Well, the monkey doesn't know it, but he got you. The one you brought in yesterday. I guess you didn't strip him down so good. He had the flag wrapped around him like a money belt. The U. S. Stars and Stripes! Said it was a souvenir he picked up at Corregidor. Said he's been carryin' it around since 1942."

THOSE 29 YANKEES

(Continued from page 10)

players to make it worth while to open the gates and charge \$1.10 to look at the players.

But we bought the Yankees from the Ruppert estate at a time when baseball's immediate future was at its blackest, and put all this money into the venture because, aside from our enthusiasm for the sport, it was a good bargain, and I was confident, and still am, that with the end of the war we are going to have the greatest sports boom in the history of the world.

A golden era of sport followed World War I. That golden era was as nothing compared with what you'll see when 11,000,000 men now in the armed forces are returned to civilian life.

As present, most of the sports fans and practically all the top-notch athletes are in uniform. Young men who might never have been interested in sports have acquired that interest because of athletic training imposed by the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. The stars of the future are among the young men who have been slugging it out in Germany and Italy, in

China, the islands of the Pacific, and the far-flung places wherein we have fought. When they come home, the sports world is really going to spin as never before.

For these happy days baseball must get ready. There is a lot to be done to assimilate returning baseball players and to recognize the emergence of new talent. The defunct minor leagues have got to be ready to reorganize to provide places to put the men. New leagues of minor classification will have to be formed.

The excellence of play in the pre-war days will not be duplicated or surpassed quickly in the post-war era, because the returning "name" players will be past their prime and the young material will not have been developed.

The returning players should be important in this program of development as teachers and organizers. Who would be better at this, for example, than a man like Bill Dickey? It is in this way that the pre-war stars will be invaluable after the war—as organizers, teachers, executives, managers, coaches, scouts, umpires and promoters.

The war has been a great leveler. In the old days, anyone could tell, with considerable assurance, which teams would be in the first division for the next seven or eight years. The strong teams remained strong and the weak teams did not improve much. But the war changed all that, by drawing the good players into the service. There are no outstanding teams now. It's a scramble in mediocrity.

When the war ends, all sixteen major league clubs will start from scratch to rebuild their teams. Talent will be available. There will be a rush to find it. Competition will be keener and even more uncertain than it is now and it will be more interesting because the quality of play will be very much better.

This baseball renaissance, however, will not be sudden, and it may not be soon. Even when our mission abroad is accomplished, it will take many months to bring back our troops and effect their return to civilian life. Meanwhile, the quality of major league baseball never was poorer, but the success of our forces abroad never was more glorious. And that's the main thing. Fini la guerre, and we'll show you some baseball.

HELP FOR JOE

(Continued from page 25)

business loan that we know will be approved ultimately. It takes entirely too long to clear the loans with the Veterans Administration."

If a veteran is proposing to buy a home, it was pointed out, the deal may wait until his loan is approved. But good business deals often won't wait. Protracted delays may not only irk the veteran, but may even cause him to lose an excellent opportunity.

The present system of issuing certificates of eligibility to veterans is a major cause of delay. These certificates are simply statements of the veteran's service in the armed forces, and the nature of his discharge. At present, the veteran cannot apply for a certificate until he approaches a financial institution for a loan—and the loan cannot be processed until the certificate is obtained, a matter that sometimes takes three or four weeks. The Legion is proposing that the loan guarantee application be submitted simultaneously with the application for a certificate of eligibility—which would cut as much as a month, or more, from the time needed to complete the loan.

Another major cause of delay is the regulation which makes it impossible for a lending agency to complete a loan under the GI Bill until the application has been approved by the Veterans Administration. Under the FHA procedures, the banker may make a loan, and then apply for an FHA guarantee. Bankers point out that all lending agencies are familiar with the GI Bill regulations, that they are able to judge

accurately whether or not a loan will be approved. If the loan is made, and the guarantee is later refused by the Veterans Administration, the banker must carry the loan himself.

This procedure, it is pointed out, would enable bankers to make GI loans speedily—at no additional hazard to the Veterans Administration, which would be under no obligation to extend the guarantee. A score of financial experts, meeting with the Legion's committee, have pronounced it

an entirely feasible and practical program.

The definition of "reasonable normal value" in the GI loan provisions has also brought grief to the veterans. The Bill forbids the guarantee of any loans on which the price of the property to be purchased represents more than the "reasonable normal value," as fixed by an appraiser designated by the Veterans Administration.

This has operated to bar many veterans from the purchase of homes, farms or businesses. I have a case on my desk in which a veteran wanted to buy a home for \$6,800. The appraiser set its "reasonable normal value" at \$6,500—and the Veterans Administration refused to guarantee the loan.

The Legion is demanding that a fair flexibility in appraisals be authorized—and is suggesting that a leeway as great as five percent be permitted. This would have permitted the veteran in the case cited to pay \$6,800 for his home. "Reasonable normal value" is an intangible factor, and no two appraisers will agree on it precisely for any property. The guiding factor must be the value of the property after the war, and that is any man's guess. The Legion believes that a reasonable flexibility in appraisals is more than warranted under the circumstances.

Included in a comprehensive program of amendments to the Loan Guarantee title of the GI Bill, introduced in the Senate by Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, and in the House by Representative Bernard W. Kearney of New York, are these:

"Congratulations on your promotion, Captain . . . I understand you now hold the permanent rank of P.F.C.!"





Honorable Service buttons are issued to all military personnel who have been honorably discharged from the service.

You'll see more and more of these at Republic Steel

Look well at this button, please. Remember it faithfully. It is worn by men and women to whom all the rest of us owe a great debt. More than 2,000 of these honorable service buttons can be seen today in the 76 plants, mines, warehouses and offices of Republic Steel across the country. These employees did their share in the armed services. Now they are helping to write the final chapter in Republic's "Production for Victory" program.

We are looking forward to the day when these buttons become a common sight at Republic. There are 18,479 of our workers still in the service.

More than 21,000 left Republic to

go to war. Republic is going to do everything in its power to place these men in jobs as good as, or better, than the jobs they held before they went to war.

These men represent a big block of the youth of Republic. We are depending upon them in our plans for the months and years ahead. From their ranks will come foremen, department heads, superintendents, managers and other executives—many of the leaders of Republic tomorrow. In Republic it is customary for executives to come up through the ranks.

The men wearing this badge of honor are coming home to the

greatest opportunities ever offered in America. Our country is in a position to produce more and finer things for the service of mankind than were ever dreamed possible just a few years ago. And the demand for Republic materials and products is world-wide.

Returning veterans will find in Republic plants and offices many new and improved methods devised during the war years. New steels and new uses for steel have been created. New markets at home and abroad have been developed.

All this spells more jobs and more opportunities for America at peace—and for returning veterans to whom all the rest of us owe a great debt.

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and
KEEP
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E flag waves over
7 Republic plants
and the Maritime
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"I've had this love seat for twenty years,
but this half is still brand new!"

GOOD NEWS—*fresh, dated* "Eveready" flashlight batteries are back!

The War Production Board has authorized production of these powerful batteries for civilian use.

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Be sure to look for the famous *date-line* that assures a *fresh* battery every time...the *only* way to be certain of dependability and long life!

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Save two ways. Save lives—
save money.
Buy War Bonds.

EVEREADY

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of National Carbon Company Inc.*

Extending the time limit within which a veteran may apply for a loan from the present two to five years after separation from service, or the termination of the war, whichever is later, to five to ten years. This will protect veterans from being forced to buy homes, farms or business properties at high wartime prices.

Extending the farm loan provision to include the purchase of seed, feed and fertilizer, and the business loan provision to include the purchase of inventories needed to operate a business, as well as for the construction, alteration or repair of any business property purchased.

Also that national banks be authorized to make loans under the GI Bill, despite any restrictions or limitations imposed on national bank procedure by other statutes; an amendment to the Home Owners Loan Act of 1933, to give building and loan associations greater freedom in making unsecured loans and junior mortgage loans under the GI Bill, provided such loans shall not exceed \$2,000.

THE LEGION has received complaints, too, on the educational sections of the bill—and here, as well, inflexible regulations are more at fault than are the provisions of the Bill itself.

There has been great misunderstanding

of the age limitation. The bill opens up the opportunity to each individual to resume his educational or vocational training if such training was interrupted by the war.

Every veteran not over 25 when he entered the service is presumed to have had his education interfered with by the war; but that does not bar those men or women who are older.

The Bill merely states that they must give evidence that their education was interrupted.

Every veteran, regardless of age, is given a one-year educational, vocational or refresher course. Those whose education was impeded, delayed or interfered with by the war may take additional courses not to exceed the total length of time they spent in the armed forces.

The bill provides for the payment of full tuition fees up to \$500 for a normal year's course; and subsistence allowances of \$50 a month to a single veteran, and \$75 a month to a veteran with dependents to support.

There has been an increasing demand that the age limitation be increased, or removed; that the subsistence allowance be increased to coincide more closely with living costs; and that the full tuition fee of \$500 be paid for short, specialized

courses of less than a normal school year's duration; and now the Legion is backing regulatory changes, or legislative amendments to make the Bill and its administration more nearly coincide with these demands.

In particular, refusal of the Veterans Administration to allot the full tuition for short, intensive specialized courses has worked hardships on veterans. Typical of short courses which demand high tuition fees are aviation classes, reputable photographic schools, and many scientific and technical schools.

Veterans have complained, too, that the regulations punish those who desire to supplement the moderate subsistence allowance with part-time work, by making deductions from the allowances of students who supplement their incomes.

These are some of the major changes for which time has shown the need in the GI Bill. But the chief quality which is needed is a will to make the Bill work efficiently and smoothly for the veteran.

Changes in the bill or in regulation will be effected. And the Legion is confident that every American is anxious to do his part in making the GI Bill work—in seeing that it becomes in fact what it was intended to be, a gateway to opportunity for the veteran.

the time is now

Yes—now is the time for us—as for all Americans—to redouble our efforts, to put all our strength into beating the Japs. Our entire resources, the experience and skill of our craftsmen and workers, are all concentrated upon turning out battle jackets, trousers and overcoats for the armed forces.

This means we are making fewer Style-Mart suits—and that they will continue to be scarce until Uncle Sam no longer needs us. But returning service men can find Style-Mart Clothes—the clothes with famous "neck zone" tailoring that makes looking for them well worth the extra effort.



MERIT CLOTHING COMPANY, INC. MAYFIELD, KY.

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TO LAND A JOB IN SELLING

(Continued from page 19)

- "I won't work anywhere but in a big city."
- "I won't take an outdoor selling job, or"
- "I won't take an indoor selling job."
- "I won't sell door-to-door!"
- "I won't sell insurance!"
- "I won't sell household appliances!"

Instead, leave all the doors of opportunity wide open so that you can accept whatever job offers you the most in present pay plus the greatest future outlook. At this stage of the game, don't be so sure that you really know what kind of selling you are going to like best.

Begin Wherever You Are. No matter where you are—at home, stopping with a buddy; visiting your best girl or spending the week with your Aunt Emma—set in motion your job-getting program right where you are. "Do the nearest thing!" That is a good idea all through life! When you are stuck, stymied or stumped, don't let your mind freeze on dead-center from uncertainty or confusion, don't wait for a better time or a better place, but take whatever action is possible to take right now—where you are!

For example, you ask Aunt Emma, "Are there any salesmen living in this little town?" Aunt Emma thinks a moment and then replies, "Sure, there is Jake Johnson who lives in the big house up the road. He sells for the XYZ Oil Company."

You stroll up to see Mr. Johnson to tell him of your ambitions. "Just got back from the Army, Mr. Johnson, and I want to get a job selling. Thought maybe you could give me a good steer."

Jake Johnson invites you in. Lo! you find that his oil company has selling jobs in its wholesale department, its filling station department, its industrial department, and—what you would never have guessed—a half hundred opportunities to go into business for yourself as the operator of one of its filling stations. Besides discovering numerous openings, you have obtained the name of the man to see, and some tips on what to say to him.

Whoopie! That wasn't so hard after all! Of course not! Getting leads into selling jobs is not difficult unless you make it so.

Here are some suggestions for making that first contact to give you some information as to which companies to consider, whom to see and what to say.

1. Talk to salesmen—talk to any salesman.
2. Tell them what you are aiming for and ask for their suggestions.
3. Talk to retailers and wholesalers, those fellows who meet hundreds of salesmen every year. They will have plenty of suggestions.
4. Talk to sales supervisors, branch sales managers, to sales managers themselves, or to their assistants.
5. In smaller companies, don't even hesitate to talk to officials, clear up to the top. You will be surprised

how many of them will be glad to take time out of a busy day to help and advise you.

You need not actually apply for a job in these first once-over skirmishing interviews. Take your time. Get all the dope, and then, when you feel you have your dues in a row, make formal application to the company you like best for the job you want most.

A brief letter of application ending up with a request for an interview is always acceptable. State your purpose in the first line; indicate what kind of a job you are applying for. For example:

If you know an executive in the company, address your letter to him. If not, mark it for the Personnel Director. Even if you address it only to the company, it will find its way at once into the right hands.

If you don't get an answer within a week or 10 days, don't get angry or discouraged. Write a polite follow-up.

When you are asked to come in for an interview observe these important points:

1. Be punctual. If you are not sure of the location, allow yourself a few minutes margin for getting into the wrong building and out again, into the right one.
2. Spruce up. A salesman must present a good appearance.
3. Don't get upset, fidgety or ruffled if you are compelled to wait. Maybe the applicant ahead of you is unduly long-winded.

RECORD BROKEN

In our June issue appeared the justifiable boast of Frank A. Johnson Post of The American Legion, Johnson City, New York, of having signed up 475 World War Two members out of a total membership of 1500, by March 31st. Other Posts of a thousand-or-more members were invited to meet this challenge. We present the new champion: General Gorgas Post of Birmingham, Alabama, which, according to Maurice M. Walsh, Vice-Commander-at-Large and Membership Chairman, had on that same date a total of 2210 paid-up 1945 members of whom 973 were World War Two veterans—better than 44 percent as compared to Johnson Post's 31 percent. On June 1st, out of a membership of 2342, General Gorgas Post had enlisted 1060 World War Two vets—45.3 percent—and expected within another month to have a 50-50 distribution of the veterans of the two World Wars.

4. Don't get nervous—but if you do, don't try to cover it up by being cocky, or smart-alecky. It doesn't hurt your chances to let the interviewer know you're nervous.
5. Don't be antagonistic toward your interviewer. His task is to fit you and a job together so that both you and the job click.
6. Answer questions directly and to the point. Don't be afraid to say, "I don't know"—and be frank about your lack of experience. Every man must start somewhere.
7. Thank your interviewer when the interview is over—no matter how it seems to have turned out.
8. Don't be disappointed if you don't get a "Yes" (or "No") immediately. Things don't move that fast, especially in a big company.

Follow Up Your First Interview. If you hear nothing, make a return call, preferably in person, and ask if your application has been considered. Without being a pest, keep yourself in front of the man who has available the job you want. Don't hesitate to insist that his is the company you want to work for.

Aim as high as you wish—but be willing to start at the bottom. A service man, who has reached the rank of captain or better, may be compelled to accept a business starting salary less than his total Army pay. But this is only temporary—and is relatively unimportant, because when you have had as much training and experience in business as you had before you attained your captaincy, you will be able to earn substantially more.

There will be two kinds of men looking for jobs: first, are the boys who want security more than opportunity; second, are those who value opportunity more than security. If you want security, get a sales job on a straight salary basis; if you place a high value on opportunity and have confidence in your ability to produce, get a job with a small salary or drawing account and a big bonus or commission.

TO SUMMARIZE: First take a reconnaissance flight to discover what is available in this civilian world of business to which you have returned. Talk to plenty of salesmen, supervisors, sales managers—get an over-all picture of possibilities. Select a few companies and make your applications. Rely on your own native ability—not your service record—to get you a job. If you discover an opening that offers an opportunity for you to show what you can do, take it! Get yourself a place to stand. And then give yourself enough time to learn and to use the knowledge.

Do these things—and you will avoid most of the mistakes service men ordinarily make in trying to get a job in the selling field.

Mr. Bigelow's first article, Want To Be a Salesman? appeared in the July issue.



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This whiskey is
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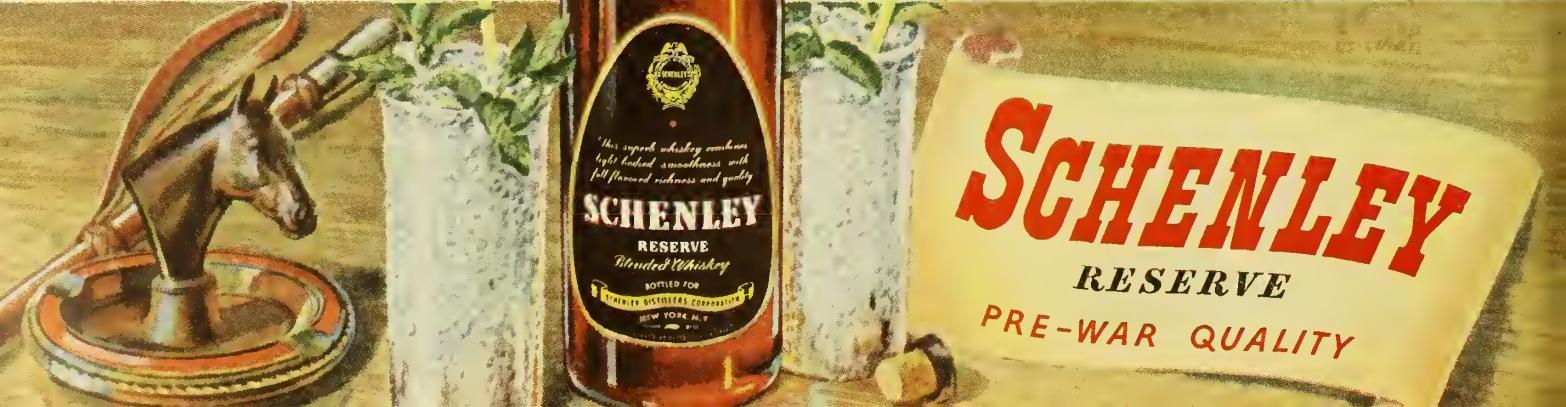


Bright and Light
as a
Sunny Morning

You taste it at once . . . this extra, this special measure of flavor that's rich and fine, yet light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in any other whiskey! Try Schenley Reserve . . . it comes of a great tradition for fine whiskies . . . the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today!

Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.



THAT GUY MACNIDER

(Continued from page 16)

fully, "I'm never in it!" And he had a warm supporter in Lieutenant Norman E. Anderson, Detroit, Michigan, the general's aide, who is a fellow-sufferer when the be-starred Barney Oldfield takes the wheel.

Back in World War I, fresh from service on the Mexican border, young Hanford MacNider rolled up a distinguished record with the 9th Infantry, Second Division, winning among other things a Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, a Purple Heart and various badges and chevrons. He stepped out of military service on demobilization of the temporary forces to take an active part in the newly-formed American Legion and climbed so rapidly in its councils that at the National Convention held in Kansas City in 1921 he was elected National Commander. He later served as Assistant Secretary of War under President Calvin Coolidge, and from that to appointment as United States Minister to Canada. His private affairs, neglected during his years in public service, became so pressing that he resigned his diplomatic post at Ottawa and returned to his home at Indianhead Farm, Mason City, Iowa, to settle down to the humdrum routine of the daily grind of business.

But Jack MacNider—his Legionnaire friends have called him Jack for so long that but few of them will ever get around to calling him General—wasn't cut out for routine affairs. When Mr. Hirohito of Tokyo made his big mistake in attacking Uncle Sam at Pearl Harbor, Hanford MacNider, then holding a reserve commission as colonel, could no more keep out of action than he could stay the soft winds that blow over his native Tall Corn State. He was one of the first to ask for active duty—he didn't want a desk job at Washington—he was a field soldier and he wanted to be with combat troops in the field, the tougher the spot the better for him. Washington bent a receptive ear, and Colonel MacNider was placed on the active list and ordered to Australia with the first contingent, shipping out of New York on January 23, 1942. He was in the temporary headquarters in charge of supplies when General MacArthur arrived in Australia to organize allied forces in sufficient strength to turn back the tidal wave of Japs, then threatening the island continent itself.

After a brief service on General MacArthur's staff, Colonel MacNider, in September, 1942, commanded the 128th Task Force in the first airborne troop movement flown across the New Guinea Mountains to Wanegela, above Milne Bay. There, with but little transportation equipment and no landing craft other than luggers, the outfit marched and fought for weeks through the jungle and swamps in searing tropical heat to take part in the

Buna campaign. Landing from luggers three miles from Buna, the 128th hit the Nips at Cape Endaidere on November 18—and there the colonel was put out of business for a while.

"Like a damn fool I got in the way of a Jap grenade," he explains. That's where he got a dozen or more pieces of steel plugged into various parts of his anatomy and a cluster to decorate his Purple Heart. He spent weeks in a hospital in Australia re-



covering from his wounds, an enforced idleness that irked him more than the grenade. He came out sound and whole, save for a sliver of steel in one eye that finally forced his return to the United States for an operation and special treatment, but some of his men insist that, if stood on his head, a pint of Jap shrap and frag can still be shaken out of his frame.

Back on duty while completing recovery from his wounds, MacNider, by then a brigadier general, was stationed at Port Moresby and Milne Bay, New Guinea, in charge of the Combined Operations Service Command, acting as the first designated co-ordinator of the Australian and American Forces in the allocation of shipping and supplies.

His chance to go with combat troops again came in early 1944 when he was given the assignment as Deputy Commander, United States Forces in the Admiralties, and attached to the 1st Cavalry Division—an outfit that got its baptism of fire in the Admiralties, added to its fame in the Leyte campaign, and won immortal glory as the rescuer of Manila in the Luzon campaign. It was when the Admiralties campaign was being brought to a close in the summer of 1944 that General MacNider took his first Stateside leave since entering service to return to New York to have the sliver of steel removed from his eye. He had carried it a full eighteen months since Buna, suffering continually and was at

one time threatened with the loss of sight. The operation was entirely successful and now he declares that the optic serves him better than ever.

Cutting his leave as short as possible, the Legionnaire general hurried back to the Southwest Pacific in August, 1944, to take command of the 158th Regimental Combat Team, then stationed on Noemfoor Island, Dutch New Guinea, doing a mopping-up job on the enemy forces holed out in the hills and caves. There he found a dual command—not only a tough, first rate combat unit, but a busy combat base section with several thousand dock, base and engineer troops under his direction, in all comprising the equivalent of more than two full infantry Divisions. The Bushmasters there took a post-graduate course in jungle fighting—liquidating more than 1,000 Japs and rounding up nearly 600 prisoners—preparatory to a headstart in the big show for the liberation of the Philippines.

It was not until January 11, 1945 that the outfit stormed ashore in an independent landing at Mabiloa, on Lingayen Gulf, on the western shore of central Luzon. The Bushmasters had been given a special mission—a post of honor on the extreme left flank of General Walter Krueger's 6th Army. Its job was to proceed by way of Rabon and Damortis to close the highway leading through Rosario to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, where General Yamashita had established his headquarters.

Following the pattern that has since become familiar in the Philippines war, the Nips withdrew from their beach defenses, except for scattered snipers and machine gun nests left behind to fight a desperate, suicidal delaying action, but laid down a rattling mortar and artillery barrage from the hills. Taking the beach on the run—this correspondent trying desperately to keep up with the forward elements and the general commanding—the Bushmasters pressed on against stiffening enemy resistance to the outskirts of Demortis on the first day, some thousands of yards in advance of the A-day schedule.

On that first day, Lt. Erving L. Peterson, Fergus Falls, Minn., won a Distinguished Service Cross when he went alone into Damortis, blew up a big Jap ammunition dump and deloused dozens of mine installations. The badge of honor was presented to him by General MacArthur in person three days later. And on the same day, Col. Sandlin, commanding the 158th Infantry, so distinguished himself at the same place that Major General Innes P. Swift, I Corps Commander, pinned a Silver Star on his sweaty shirt.

Lieutenant Peterson was a newcomer to the regiment, but an old-timer in the Southwest Pacific. When he reported to General MacNider for assignment he said:

"The general will not remember me, but I remember him well. The last time I saw the general was at the crossing of the

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TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS

Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

Wanegela River just before Buna when he stopped and talked to me. I was an enlisted man then, and I am glad to be back under your command."

For days in the beginning of the Luzon campaign the baby Division faced the toughest, bitterest fighting of all the units committed to the far-flung battle line, but the Bushmasters took it in stride and inched forward yard by yard and line by line. Their escape and supply line threatened, the enemy forces would be completely cut off from contact with south and central Luzon if MacNider's men won through to their objective.

Day after day, night after night, the enemy laid down their artillery and mortar fire on the advanced elements, and on the supply lines in the rear. One of the most harrowing nights I have ever spent on the battle lines was at the command post north of Rabon on the landing day, when the curtain of shellfire drew closer and closer, encircling the post and killing men in neighboring foxholes.

"You still alive," commented the general when I saw him the next morning. "The Legion never did have any luck!"

Taking the Damortis-Baguio line of highway was one of the extraordinary military feats in Luzon, but its importance was more or less lost, so far as news reports go, in the headliner Ranger commando raid to release the military prisoners at Cabanatuan and the direct frontal assault on Manila by the 1st Cavalry and 37th Infantry Divisions, immediately afterward.

On the line turning back from the coast two high ridges hemmed in a broad green valley—Amber Ridge on the North, and Amber Valley, to use the names given for military purposes by General MacNider—and through this valley the highway led to a narrow pass looking down on Rosario. The pass was the key to the whole situation, and for three days the Bushmasters fought and clawed their way over the ridges and down through the valley before it was firmly secured.



"Willens, you know the regulations about pictures of nude women in your tent"



"Fraidy-cat!"

"It's the dirtiest place in Luzon," evaluated the He Bushmaster. "We'll call it Forever Amber Pass." And the name stuck, whatever reflection that might have on Kathleen Winsor's book, which some of the staff officers were then reading.

We had to have the pass. But it was tough going for days. At one point in the attack the keen eyes of the commanding general sighted three Jap pillboxes near the crest of Amber Ridge, so placed as to command the pass.

"Can you knock 'em out without firing over the crest?" he asked a young artillery officer who had brought up four M7s mounted on half-tracks. It took cannon shooting with almost rifle precision to do the trick. Gunner Lowell Bailey, Wheeling, W. Va., smashed the strong points to smithereens with seven rounds from his M7 mounted on the "Hari Kari Kart." The distance was about 2,000 yards at point blank fire.

"That's shootin'," encouraged the general as one after another the log re-inforced pillboxes were pounded into splinters.

It was late in the evening of January 25th. The next day Generals Douglas MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the Southwest Pacific, and Walter Krueger, Commander 6th Army, were to celebrate their joint birthday. MacNider, Sandlin and this correspondent walked into the pass with the advance patrol. Colonel Paul Mahoney, Toels, Utah, Chief of Staff, bumped down into the pass over the Burma Road—which was no road at all. A radio jeep rattled up. The two elements had joined and the road, leading to Rosario and the massed Jap forces at Baguio, was sealed.

"Road now open. Forever Amber Pass now in the hands of the Bushmasters," General MacNider radioed Corps Headquarters. "It's a birthday present for Generals MacArthur and Krueger."

Twenty minutes later on the edge of a jungle forest back of a rice paddy a tow-headed youngster squatted over a portable radio set. MacNider spotted him, asked about the location of a supporting regiment.



Take on A BUSINESS WITH A FUTURE

You've heard a lot about "jobs for all" . . . and it's a worthy and most important goal. But just "holding down a job" isn't going to satisfy you if you have the initiative and ambition to "go places" in the postwar world. What you will want is a *business of your own* . . . a business you can build and expand by your own efforts. The automotive service industry—one of America's basic industries—offers you such an opportunity.

A United Motors Service Franchise Paves the Way

Right now, in the United States, there are thousands of successful firms that have made a United Motors franchise the backbone of their automotive service business. Backed by the sound business advice and merchandising guidance provided by United Motors Service, they are on the highroad to financial security with these United Motors lines: Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition—Delco Batteries—Delco Hydraulic Brakes—Delco Radios—AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers—Delco Shock Absorbers—Guide Lamps—New Departure Ball Bearings—Klaxon Horns—Hyatt Roller Bearings—Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters—Inlite Brake Lining. Those names mean *original-equipment* parts and products with a steady demand, fast turnover. They are the leaders in one of America's leading industries.

Not a New Venture

This is no untried, shot-in-the-dark venture. It's an established, continuing business enterprise that gives you

a chance to be your own boss in a "going" industry. The initial investment is low, the returns are good, and you get the benefits of United Motors' long experience in the automotive field right from the start . . . the right lines and the right stock. For a personal interview with a United Motors Service distributor—just fill in the coupon below and mail direct to us.

NOTE: Legionnaire veterans of World War I are also urged to fill in the coupon below and obtain this information in the interest of relatives or friends now serving in the armed forces.

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And, if you've been denying yourself the pleasure of wearing made-to-measure clothes because you've thought the price was out of your reach, you have a happy surprise coming when you see the Homeland line! Hundreds of choice, all-wool fabrics—styled and tailored to your own measure and specification! And, because they are sold DIRECT, the prices fit your budget as snugly as the clothes fit your figure!

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BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND



On the road to Cavite, Luzon, in the Legion Magazine's official "Press Car." Boyd B. Stutler, correspondent, with Leonardo Aguilar of Salinas, Bacaloor, owner of the carabao and the coach

"What's your name, son?" he inquired after the lad had given the directions.

"I'm Whitey Schultz of Nora Springs, Iowa," the boy replied. "I used to work on one of your farms."

Then the commanding general of the 158th Regimental Combat Team, just out of one of the tightest places in his long military career, let the war go hang for a quarter of an hour while he squatted on his heels and visited with Whitey Schultz, his neighbor back in Iowa. That is not an isolated incident. The men of his team know him for a friendly, helpful, approachable, just and fair sort of a person, but one who can be as tough as rawhide and as hard as nails when the occasion demands. "He's a soldier's general," a buck private remarked.

Space does not allow of further details of the rough, tough fighting by the Bushmasters after this highly important operation.

After nearly three and a half years in the Southwest Pacific, MacNider is just about ready to add the seventh service stripe to the sleeve of his Sunday blouse. And in addition to all the honors and decorations that came to him in the First World War, as National Commander of The American Legion, and in public life, he will have a second Oak Leaf Cluster on his Distinguished Service Cross, a Cluster on his Purple Heart, the Legion of Merit and a Bronze Star to wear on occasions of ceremony when the war is over, all won the hard way in the Pacific war.

And when the war is over and he returns to Mason City, Iowa, he will still be a soldier's general.

AFTER HITCH-HIKING about from New Guinea to northern Luzon, the Southwest Pacific correspondent of the Legion Magazine—whose story of Jack MacNider you have just read—picked up private

means of transportation. This consisted of a carabao-drawn carroton, pictured, and a pony-drawn caratela. At that the caratela, which boasts a top, might be a calesio or a caramata—only an expert can tell the difference—but the weight of expert opinion tends to the caretela designation.

Gasoline shortage is more acute in the Philippines than in the States, except for use of military motor transportation. So even if one of the few Filipino-owned cars left by the Nips could be obtained, there would be no gas. The bull-cart method of travel—a mile or so an hour—is slow but it is certain, if one can stand the reproachful glances of the sad-eyed carabao cast backward every few minutes.

Under special authority of the President, General Douglas MacArthur has awarded the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Ribbon to Mr. Stutler, along with other correspondents.

Posthumous awards were made also to fourteen correspondents who lost their lives while serving in the Command.



"The psychoanalyst I used to take him to is going to a psychoanalyst himself now!"

THIS FAMOUS TOWN* WAS ONLY A PRAIRIE until trucks came along!



But LOOK AT
IT TODAY!

See those flourishing stores—that proud bank—those busy merchants “stocking up” for the day? You can practically hear the hum of activity!

Seems hard to believe *this same spot* was just a field until trucks rolled in with everything needed to create this prosperous scene. But for proof—just read the true story below!

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... all have featured full-length articles about Franklin Square. Throughout America, this typical “Town That Trucks Built” is hailed as...

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**Everything the citizens of Franklin Square eat, use
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FRANKLIN SQUARE, Long Island, is the living symbol of over 50 thousand thriving American towns that *already exist today*. And of thousands more that *can be built if trucks and highways are wisely put to work.*

For here's a town that depends on trucks—and trucks alone. There's no railroad! Everything that rolls—in or out—of Franklin Square rolls by truck.

Result? Homes, goods, jobs for a prosperous and thriving community of 10 thousand people!

Today—thanks to trucks—America can put to use whole areas that are “off the rail line”—areas that

might otherwise be wasted. New frontiers are opened up—new towns, new industries, new opportunities for our homecoming servicemen.

Yes! All over America—through peacetime and war—trucking is a dynamic economic force. Reawakening tired old communities—creating new ones. Stimulating jobs, industries, opportunities!

50 thousand towns like Franklin Square are proof of this fact: With good roads—and the freedom to use them—trucking can do the job!

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TRUCKS CREATE NEW INDUSTRIES—NEW JOBS—NEW WEALTH!



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Good Dealers Everywhere

INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

FOXHOLE STOVE

(Continued from page 28)

in the services as the GI stove. He has made millions for the fighting forces, and the lantern is known as the "headlight of the Army." It is standard equipment in all outposts and in places where power lines have been destroyed.

When the war started, Coleman was heating more American homes than any other manufacturer. His farm stove looks something like a cabinet radio because Coleman wanted it to be as attractive as a piece of furniture. It burns oil or gas. One stove will warm a five-room farm home, and keeps it at an even comfortable temperature. The ordinary stove sends most of its heat up the flue, or to the ceiling.

This one doesn't. The heat can be deflected to any part of the room by simply adjusting a side door on the heater.

Coleman is a silver-haired, kindly man with thick glasses that partially correct the near-blindness that has plagued him since childhood. He looks more like a retired small-town preacher than the head of a 16-acre plant that does \$10,000,000 business a year even in peacetime. Now he has more employees than ever, and he intends to keep every wartime worker who wants to stay.

He is ready to come out with his full new line of heating equipment, but a big part of the plant will have to be devoted to the making of the GI stoves. Apparently, every fighting man who has used one of the stoves wants one.

MY GERMAN PRISONERS

(Continued from page 15)

We pushed forward, well spread out, and entered the forest. Ducking behind trees and crossing clearings Indian fashion by sprinting low, we failed to uncover any SS men. After covering the wooded area, we emerged without a sign of the enemy.

As we rested for a moment, we could see the roads clogged with German refugees fleeing from Berlin before the onslaught of the victorious Russian armies. There was a cluster of men, which we could discern, and what appeared to be a scuffle. A shot reverberated, but we were unable to get a very coherent picture of what transpired from where we were standing.

Lieutenant Olson, without hesitation, darted off in the direction of the fracas and we followed closely behind. We arrived at the scene within a few minutes and met Sergeant Jenning C. Sneed, Dayton, Tenn., who was shepherding two prisoners before him. Sneed was unarmed and his helmet was gone. He cursed roundly and told us

what happened—it was hard to believe.

He was escorting the prisoners to the rear when two civilians from the refugee column leaped on him from behind, hit him on the face and jerked his helmet and field glasses off. They also wrested his gun from him, but the two German soldiers stood off watching the action without aiding their compatriots, so eager were they to surrender.

The civilians marched Sneed about seventy-five yards when he suddenly turned and knocked one down with a swift blow to the jaw and then dived for the ditch. The other civilian fired at the GI with his own gun and took off a buckle from Sneed's right shoe as the American catapulted into the ditch. As he described the incident, Sneed pointed to a spot of burned leather where the buckle had been.

Scarcely had Sneed finished his story when the area where we were standing was raked with fire from the woods. We scrambled post-haste for the ditches and while





"Hello, Sarge! Guess what?"

we took cover I managed to make a few sketches of prisoners and the general area. The GIs poured out return fire, but the enemy had considerable more fire power than we possessed and at one point they chipped off a bush directly behind us.

Lieutenant Olson decided that we should strike out for the village immediately and summon artillery to lay down a barrage on the woods to wipe out the enemy pocket. Moreover, it was almost 4 P.M. and we had orders to withdraw by that hour if no contact had been made with the Russians. The artillery also would aid us in evacuating to

the west bank of the Elbe and hold back enemy interference.

We managed to return to the village without further untoward incidents. The German prisoners had been ferried back to our lines, but when we stood on the Elbe, the banks were jammed with a huge outpouring of humanity. There were frantic refugees from Berlin, thousands of displaced persons representing every nation in Europe, all clamoring to be permitted to cross into the American lines in our boats.

We loaded our own men into the boats first and then permitted as many displaced persons to enter as it was possible to carry. The refugees dashed wildly for the boats and a mad melee ensued.

The only recourse we had to hold back the flood of fear-crazed refugees was to say that we would send the boats back for them. When we reached the American-held bank of the Elbe, the emptied boats were blown up with phosphorus grenades and the craft disintegrated in plumes of smoke and splinters. When the cacophony of bursting grenades and wood died away, a great wail arose from the east bank as the refugees saw their escape route exploded.

The 35th Division, immediately following this action, was moving out, withdrawing to the interior to an extent of 100 miles. Although they did not link up with the Russians, the 35th had been engaged in the last action of the 9th Army. It had been highly successful. Four hundred prisoners had been taken, there were no casualties, and the men were going back 100 miles nearer the United States.

OPERATION WHITEFISH

(Continued from page 12)

"But Bertram," I said, "if you go out to California after the war to hunt tuna, aren't you going to run into a lot of competition?"

"Ah," said Bertram, "that's just the point. I'm *not* going out to California. I'm going home to Minnesota and set up the business out there. Nobody even knows about it out there; I'll have the market cornered before they wake up. I'm going to get a contract to hunt whitefish in Lake Superior."

"That's wonderful," I said, awed by Bertram's ingenuity.

"Remember now, Alfred. You promised not to tell anybody."

"I won't," I said, and I added, "Bertram, if you find that you need an assistant, a bright young man of regular habits who is willing to learn, I hope you will not forget me."

"Sure, Alfred, sure," said Bertram. "I'll keep you in mind. Hand me that left-handed monkey wrench, will you?"

I THOUGHT ABOUT Bertram's scheme all evening. In my mind I saw Bertram and

myself sitting in expensive checked suits and clipping coupons. I saw armed messengers taking our deposits to the bank in large canvas bags. I saw winters on the Riviera and summers in Maine. I saw heads being turned as Bertram and I entered upper-class restaurants with tall, bored blondes on our arms. "That's Bertram Triscuit and Alfred Upcharles," I heard somebody whisper, "the richest men on earth. They get a cut on every whitefish that comes out of Lake Superior."

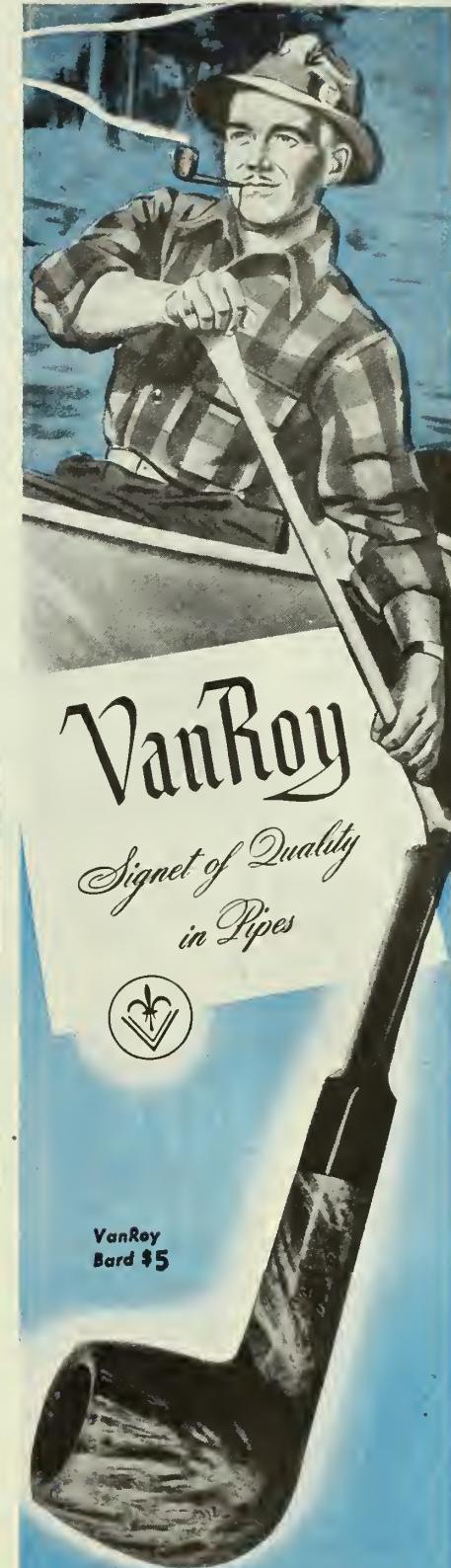
So engrossed was I in this rosy vision that I absent-mindedly had two helpings of Welsh rarebit in the mess hall, which was a mistake . . .

Welsh rarebit always gives me bad dreams. In this bad dream the war was over and Bertram and I were on our way to the Minneapolis airport to meet our pilot and take off for Lake Superior.

"I hired the pilot dirt cheap," said Bertram. "We're paying him \$25 a day and gasoline expenses."

"That seems reasonable," I said. "We should make enough the first two days to pay the pilot for the whole week."

"Well," said Bertram, "the fishing com-



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pany was a little skeptical about this scheme so I agreed to work for nothing the first week. We can cash in the rest of our war bonds to pay the pilot."

"Have we got enough left?" I asked.

"Sure," said Bertram. "If we eat light. But next week we'll be rolling in money."

"Oh, boy," I said.

The airplane was already revving up when we got to the airport. We climbed into the cabin and took off immediately. When we were clear of the field and on our way, Bertram introduced me to the pilot. "Alfred," he said, "I'd like for you to meet Sam Aileron. He was in the AAF too."

"Charmed," I said. "Myself, I was a corporal in the 986th Service Squadron."

"Pleased to meet you, corporal," said Sam Aileron. "I was a lieutenant colonel in the 1154th Fighter Squadron. Eighty-four missions over Japan, not to speak of three hundred hours in the Link trainer."

"Those were the days, eh, sir?" I said.

"You bet," said Sam Aileron. "I wish now I'd taken that staff sergeant's rating and stayed with the Air Force. Instead I got mustered out and went to get a job with an airline. I was too late. The cops wouldn't let the line of applicants get longer than six blocks. City ordinance, they said."

"I waited a couple of weeks but the line didn't move so I went and bought me this airplane and tried to get some work dusting crops. Too late again. The sky was black with airplanes out dusting crops. Thousands of pilots dusting crops. Dusted every acre in Minnesota whether anyone asked them to or not. I finally got a job for a couple of days un-dusting a field. The farmer's privy had been buried."

Then we remembered that the roar of the engines made conversation impossible and we were silent all the way to Lake Superior.

Sam Aileron swooped low on the lake, leveled off, and cut the engines to minimum speed. We flew slowly over the lake, dipping occasionally to one side or the other so that Bertram and I could get a good look out of the windows.

"Reminds me of a low-level reconnaissance mission over New Guinea back in 1943," said Sam Aileron, forgetting again about the noise of the engines. "I was out alone one afternoon, just looking around to see what I could see. I was running low on gas and was just about to go back home when I saw smoke coming out of a little clearing in the jungle. I came in low to investigate."

"What I saw there froze my blood with horror. A group of savages were preparing to sacrifice an elderly white woman! She stood before a roaring fire with the savages pressed closely all around her. I could see her lips moving, obviously begging for her life. But her entreaties only whetted the natives' blood-lust. Every time she said something, they just stoked the fire more,

causing great billows of smoke to pour out.

"Gentlemen, I am an American. I couldn't strafe the natives for fear of hitting the white woman, so without a moment's hesitation, I crash-landed my airplane in the clearing. I leaped from the cockpit, drew my pistol, and rushed toward the savages. 'What's going on here?' I demanded.

"It's perfectly all right, Colonel," said the white woman. "I was just dictating 'My Day' and my friends heah were sending it by smoke signal to the cable office at Port Moresby."

"Look!" yelled Bertram. "Fish!"

We looked below. Bertram had hit the jackpot. There were fish as far as the eye could see, millions and millions of fish.

Sam Aileron switched on the radio transmitter. Bertram and I put on headsets so we could hear. "Pilot to fishing fleet. Pilot to fishing fleet," said Sam Aileron. "Are you receiving me? Are you receiving me? Over."

"Fishing fleet to pilot. Fishing fleet to pilot," came the reply. "We are receiving you. We are receiving you. Over."

"Just sighted big school of fish. Just sighted tremendous school of fish. Latitude 47 degrees, 15 minutes; longitude 94 degrees, 5 minutes. Latitude 47 degrees, 15 minutes; longitude 94 degrees, 5 minutes. Over."

"Will you give us that position again? Will you give us that position again? Over."

"Latitude 47 degrees, 15 minutes; longitude 94 degrees, 5 minutes. Latitude 47 degrees, 15 minutes; longitude 94 degrees, 5 minutes. Over."

"You are over the state pike hatchery at Lake Winnibigoshish. You are over the state pike hatchery at Lake Winnibigoshish. Lake Superior is 80 miles east. Lake Superior is 80 miles east. Over."

"Roger," said Sam Aileron.

But the next day we found Lake Superior all right and by nightfall we had radioed the positions of six whitecaps, the wake of a garbage scow, and 3000 Dixie cups that were thrown off a Great Lakes excursion boat.

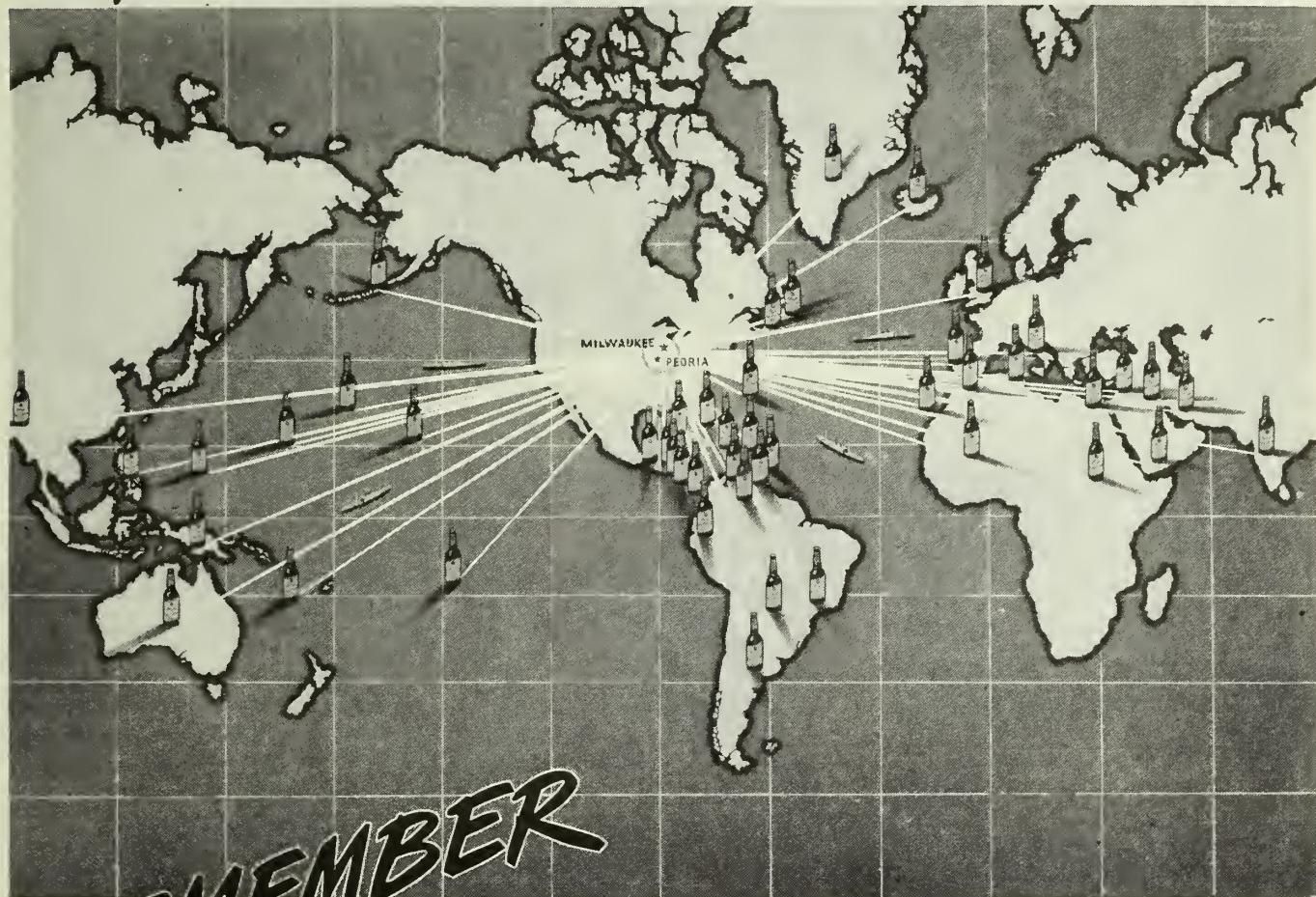
The third day I did not go out with Bertram and Sam Aileron. Instead I went to the library and read up on whitefish. "The whitefish," said the encyclopedia, "*coregonus clupeiformis*, found in the large deep lakes of northern United States, is sometimes called the 'six fathom fish' because it always swims at least 36 feet under the surface of the water . . ."

THEN CAME REVEILLE, for which, for once, I was glad.

All that day I avoided Bertram. After all, I thought as I did my work, being a Mechanic, Airplane General, and a corporal wasn't so bad. No use getting overambitious. Many a man has fallen victim to his own ambition. Look at Hitler.

I whistled while I worked.

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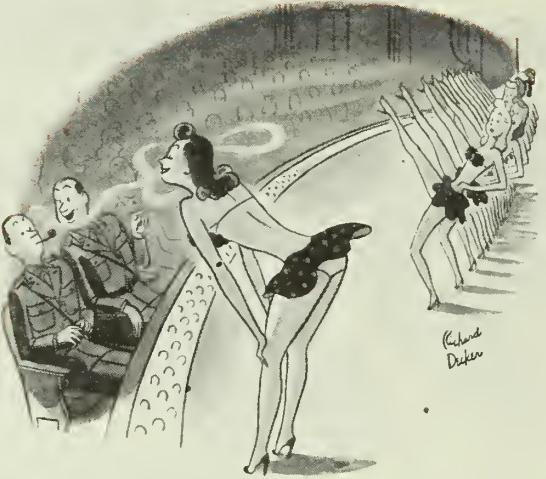
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NO OTHER WAY

(Continued from page 27)

trained in their use. We must constantly develop a training program which too soon will not become outmoded. We should train our young men on a basis of rehabilitation, personal hygiene, and body development.

I fully see the need of universal military training. After a young man finishes high school and before he enters college or business, or after leaving high school before graduation, at about the age of 17, this Government should afford the highest type of specific military education. All of the branches of the service should find a participation.

We will have adequate housing facilities, their medical care will be of the best, the implements and tools of war as they are developed will be understood, and the future safety of our country assured.

WHAT ABOUT POLAND?

(Continued from page 9)

he could only report that no satisfactory explanation had been received. Moscow's charge that these men had all engaged in divisive activity against the Russian Army in Poland was never taken seriously in Washington or London. Mr. Eden announced in San Francisco that the governments concerned would consult to determine what further steps could and should be taken. Then in June Harry Hopkins flew to Moscow. He explained to Stalin that continued failure to implement the Yalta agreement on Poland had alienated American public opinion. He persuaded the Russians to invite democratic Polish leaders from Poland and from London to meet in Moscow with the Lublin Poles, in another effort to create a national government for Poland, one that would represent more than a communist minority. Hopkins also persuaded Stalin to agree to another Big Three meeting in July to do what the February meeting at Yalta was supposed to have done.

The Lublin Committee of Polish Communists which the Soviet Union established in Russian-occupied Warsaw as the legal government of Poland continued to govern Poland under Russian direction. The Polish government in London, recognized by most of the United Nations as the legal government of Poland, continued to function in a vacuum. The Yalta agreement of the Big Three which called for a reorganization of the Lublin Committee on a more democratic basis continued to be ignored. At least three of the very men whom the American and British ambassadors to Russia had suggested as suitable members for a revised Polish government had been secretly arrested by the Russians.

We know it is true that most of the sixteen Poles charged with divisive activi-

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ties against the Red Army are guilty by Russian standards. We know that some are anti-Russian. But on the basis of the best information available most of the sixteen are patriotic, democratically-minded Poles whose chief offense was that they don't like the idea of a Communist government for Poland. Yet despite what President Truman called "a very pleasant yielding" by Russia to the arguments advanced by Hopkins, Stalin stubbornly refused to discuss Russia's arbitrary action in making these arrests.

The reason became apparent during the propaganda trials of the arrested men, most of whom were persuaded to confess their guilt in open court. But what they confessed is that as patriotic Poles they were even willing to fight the Red Army to maintain Poland's independence.

Winston Churchill had this Polish situation in mind when he said: "On the continent of Europe we have yet to make sure that the words 'freedom,' 'democracy' and 'liberation' are not distorted from their true meaning as we have understood them. There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule and if totalitarian or police governments were to take the place of the German invaders."

Is it possible to provide for Poland the type of government described by Mr. Churchill—one in which law and justice rule and which, therefore, is neither a totalitarian nor a police government? The Yalta conferees seemed to agree that it was possible. That is why they publicly declared: "The provisional government which is now functioning in Poland should therefore be reorganized on a broader democratic basis with the inclusion of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles abroad. This new government should then be called the Polish Provisional Government of National Unity."

When the Yalta text was published I called attention to the fact it represented an important victory for the Russian point of view. The Polish provinces of Ukrainia and White Russia were assigned to Russia without conditions. The Lublin Communist Committee was, for the first time, recognized by Britain and the United States. In the Yalta statement the Allied leaders join in describing it as "The Provisional Government which is now functioning in Poland." At the same time there was complete silence on the existence of the Polish Government in London. Thus there is some merit in the Russian interpretation of the Yalta agreement. On the basis that silence gives consent Britain and the United States joined with Russia at Yalta in ignoring the existence of the Polish Government in London. Now the Russians say that, as applied to the Lublin government, the word "reorganized" does not mean "changed." They insist that the Lublin Communists must remain in control. They are willing to accept a few

additional pro-Russian Poles as members of the Lublin group. But for over three months they persistently refused to accept any one of the genuine Polish democrats suggested by the British and American members of the three-power Polish Commission set up by the Yalta agreement to reorganize the Polish Government.

The Soviet Union was forced into war by Hitler's invasion of the territory which Russia had taken from Poland by agreement with Hitler. The Yalta agreement



confirms the Russo-German partition of Poland of 1939. The Curzon line which was re-established by this partition may well be the most practical dividing line between Russia and Poland under present-day conditions. But this cannot alter the historic fact that it was established as the result of the Hitler-Stalin alliance of 1939 which cleared the way for Hitler's invasion of Poland. When Great Britain and the United States recognized that line they made a highly important practical concession to the Soviet Union at the expense of pre-war Poland. The least they could ask of Russia in return is the right of the Catholic majority of the Polish population to have a non-Communist democratic government.

We can all agree that there are aristocratic, militaristic land-owning elements among Poles who might be called Fascists without too great a distortion of that term. No true Polish democrat wants to see that group return to power. They took control of the Polish government after the last war and continued to exploit the Polish masses. But let us not be misled by the Communist smear-tactics of calling everyone who is not a Communist or an amiable fellow traveler a Fascist.

The British and American governments have expressed great confidence in ex-Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the Polish Peasant Party leader. In early 1944 he headed a coalition Polish government which answered every legitimate demand of democratic composition. It excluded the big land-owners on the extreme Right and the Communists on the extreme Left. Premier Mikolajczyk is not anti-Russian. He has done everything possible to reach

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an understanding with the Soviet Union. His cabinet included all the democratic constitutional elements in Poland—Socialists, Peasant Party, Center, National Democrats. In it were a Jewish lawyer and a Catholic priest, a miner, a soldier and a diplomat. If it could ever be possible for a Polish Communist group to affiliate and work with a Polish democratic group, it should have been possible to unite the Mikolajczyk and the Lublin groups. When the effort failed a more anti-Russian Polish group took over in London and the Russo-Polish crisis deepened. As the result of Harry Hopkins' mission to Moscow ex-Premier Mikolajczyk was finally invited to the Russian capital to assist in the creation of a government of national union.

THE RUSSIANS conducting the trial of the sixteen leaders made a special point of clearing ex-Premier Mikolajczyk of anti-Russian bias. This made it clear that he was to receive a post in the new Polish Government. If he had been named Premier we might have accepted the new Government created in Moscow in June with British and American consent, a true Government of national union. But it is hardly that. Of the twenty-one members of the new Government, fifteen are Warsaw-Lublin Poles with Communist sympathies. Only five had no previous connection with the Russian-created Lublin group. Ex-Premier Mikolajczyk will now become second Vice-Premier.

Both the Premier and the first Vice-Premier are Communists. Since there will be no elections for at least a year and since all Polish leaders who had any relation to the pre-war Polish Government are barred, it is apparent that Poland is now a Communist state with Allied consent.

How shall we apportion blame for the failure of two years of persistent effort to solve the Polish problem, in line with the oft-repeated promises of British and American statesmen? Why did we feel obliged to accept a Communist government for a Catholic country? Why do we welcome a solution that makes 100,000 Polish war veterans and a million patriotic civilian Poles homeless?

There are many answers. Stubborn Polish conservatism, doctrinaire Communism, Allied muddling and meddling are all responsible. In addition neither Russia nor Poland can escape their unhappy history. Polish-Russian relations through the years have never been good.

It was Austria, Russia and Prussia that agreed on three historic Polish partitions from 1772 to 1793. The whole history of Poland since then has been one of invasion and partition with Russia, Germany and Austria alternating as the villains.

Nor has Poland's record been flawless. Her arrogant nationalists launched an unnecessary war of aggression against the weak Soviet Union of 1920. Then, when

the Russians were at the gates of Warsaw, French assistance saved the Poles from deserved defeat.

War's aftermath paved the way for dictatorship in Poland as it already had in Italy and other countries. Marshal Piłsudski's regime ran Poland as an anti-Soviet authoritarian power from 1926 to 1934. The Polish-Soviet frontier included a barbed-wire No Man's Land for many years after the end of the First World War. Poland preferred Hitler's Germany to Stalin's Russia. Poland dealt unfairly with minorities, Poland oppressed the Jews. The Polish Constitution of 1935 is a totalitarian constitution which superseded the democratic constitution of 1921. So there is at least some merit in the Russian argument that a Polish government based on the 1935 document is illegal and undemocratic.

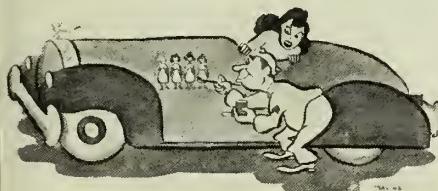
BUT THIS IS the past. We are concerned with the future. There can be no good future for Europe unless a small country like Poland can choose its own government without dictation from a powerful neighbor.

We cannot and must not meekly acquiesce in Russian determination to establish Communist pro-Russian governments in all neighbor territory. That is the kind of appeasement which will not make for a peaceful Europe. We must continue to protest if only for the record. The creation of Communist governments has only begun. The issue is still open in many countries outside of Poland.

The battle may well have been lost in Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Rumania, Yugoslavia. It is being fought silently in Finland and Czechoslovakia. It is under way in Austria and Eastern Germany. It continues in Greece and Bulgaria. It has created two governments in China where its outcome will determine the disposition of the rich resources of Manchuria. It will mean a conflict of British and Russian interests in Persia and Turkey. Have we fought this war to help Russia communize Europe and Asia?

Here is my final thought. Weak-kneed concessions to the unfair demands of totalitarian powers stimulated Fascist aggression and produced war. Let us not imagine that we serve the cause of peace by repeating the same mistake in dealing with totalitarian Russia.

We want to remain on friendly terms with Russia. We need Russia's help to preserve peace. But we cannot serve the cause of peace by meek acquiescence in the abuse of power.



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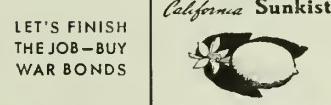
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Bye-Bye, Eagle's Nest

By FRANK MILES

American Legion War Correspondent

The Nazis gave up without a fight when our soldiers penetrated to Hitler's last-ditch hideaway on Mt. Kehlstein in the Bavarian Alps. What would be done with it had not been announced when this was written

Berchtesgaden, Germany

ADOLF HITLER lived in a heaven on earth while concocting hell for humanity. "How could he want more when he had so much?" remarked a 21-year-old Louisiana GI, bitten by battles in Normandy, Belgium, Holland and Germany as he stood in the rubble of the dead führer's home on the northern slope of Mt. Obersalzberg, near this picturesque resort city in the beautiful Bavarian Alps.

He was a madman leading a vigorous and able but sheepish people. This could be the only answer.

The Germans apparently had everything in vision and zeal but were without character, one must be convinced after seeing where Hitler and his henchmen held forth—the clean, attractive homes of the populace of all classes, the modernity of their utilities, the determination and courage with which they waged war, and their blind devotion to Nazism which caused untold suffering to conquered peoples and themselves.

These thoughts came to American soldiers and correspondents who saw Hitler's armed forces finally defeated by those of the Allies and who have visited the shrines of Hitlerism since.

Nowhere does one get so clear a view of the dictator's distorted mind as at Berchtesgaden.

In 1924, after the one-time Austrian paperhanger had been freed from prison for his attempt to launch his crack-pot theory of government at Munich a year earlier, he rented a chalet 2,000 feet above sea level amid pine trees and cherry orchards, in a setting of unsurpassed natural beauty. Royalties from his book, *Mein Kampf*, which he wrote while in jail, enabled him to buy the place. When he became Chan-



Only a little less accessible than the Eagle's Nest, the Berghof, shown here as it appeared during the days when Hitler's star was in the ascendant, was reduced to rubble by British bombers last February

cellor in 1933 he had extensive improvements made and renamed it Berghof.

The house was big and white of brick and concrete, of rectangular shape and resembled a double-decked California bungalow. Most distinctive was the high, wide window in front which set off a large, elegantly furnished room where he entertained visitors, read, worked, saw private showings of motion pictures, and posed for photographers.

Near it were many outbuildings, and just beyond them luxurious villas in which his satellites in power were billeted.

Most of Hitler's planning was done in the quiet of his mountain retreat, but he had another which students of his personality say was erected to satisfy his maniacal egotism.

It was Adlerhorst or Eagle's Nest, built atop neighboring Mt. Kehlstein—6,000 feet high. More than 3,000 workmen spent over three years building a road leading to a spot where in the rocks an elevator was installed that carried people the last 400 feet up to the peak.

The Nest itself was of white stone, mostly a circular room in which there was a center table for conferences at which 30 might be seated. The walls were of glass on which there were tapestries and portraits and paintings. On the floor were oriental rugs.

To the rear of the main room was a banquet hall with a board at which there were three seats at each end and 13 on each side. Then there were a few small sitting rooms, sleeping quarters with 18 beds, and an electrical kitchen. It was well nigh impregnable to ground attack and an underground air raid shelter enhanced its safety.

In both Mts. Obersalzberg and Kehlstein there were long tunnels, dug at tremendous cost of labor and money at the führer's direction.

In his house and nest Hitler could have ruled and kept his nation at peace, but, drunk with his success at controlling the Germans and fired with his persecution of

the Jews and his mastery over Germans who opposed him, he led millions of his countrymen to adopt his slogan, "Germany Today—Tomorrow the World."

Besides the fanaticism he engendered he set up an equally strong influence—FEAR.

"Neither Pastor Nor Priest—Neither Protestantism Nor Catholicism—Only Adolf Hitler and Nazism for the True German" appeared on thousands of cards which were circulated.

When in 1939 Hitler thought the stage set for world conquest, out from the beauties of Berchtesgaden vipers struck into the hearts of weaker neighbors, who soon were prostrate. Their resources were at his disposal and millions of their citizens became his slaves in factories, fields, homes and elsewhere under a diabolically pre-conceived plan. And for more than two years nothing could stop his armies. But gradually the tide turned. Britain which had held alone for more than two years, found ever increasing aid as Russia in righteous wrath grew stronger and stronger and began hurling back her foes and America from near military impotency swiftly developed strength in the skies, at sea and on land which staggered the aggressors. . . .

On February 25, 1945, R.A.F. bombers with American fighter escorts blasted Hitler's home into an unsightly mass of twisted materials and all of the structures around it suffered a like fate. The Eagle's Nest was ignored because the "eagles" were now like so many chickens darting hither and thither in the path of a speeding motor vehicle. But it soon fell into our hands.

Soon after May 8th, when infamous Dr. Goebbels—and perhaps Hitler—had been dead a week or more in the ruins of Berlin and their birds of a feather were frantically trying to escape capture, hundreds of Nazi PWs were set to work cleaning up around the führer's havens. What must have been their thoughts as they ached and sweat over their picks and shovels under the eyes of alert Yankee doughboys who wouldn't hesitate to shoot—to kill—if need be!

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